THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LIV. R. J. C. WALKER, No. 727 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1875. Three Dollars a Year, in Advance. No. 33.

THINK GENTLY.

Think gently of the erring!
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of sadness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

Speak gently of the erring!
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone,
Without the censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot,
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate,
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring!
Thou yet may'st lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful may yet be.
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.

CHARON, THE RED FOX!

A TALE OF THE PLAINS.

By CAPTAIN CARNES,

Author of "Red Melly," "Wetzel, The Scout."

"The men could hear each other breathe, as one tall, dusky form after another arose and stalked towards the camp."

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

The two parties could not fail of rapidly nearing each other, dashing as they were to one central point, and it was to be no skulking fight for there were quite a hundred warriors in the larger party, and the other, keeping a little to the left and rear of them, numbered not less than three-score. The moon, large and unclouded, silvered the grassy plain.

The trampling of the rushing bodies of horse sounded like dull, continuous thunder; and the practised ears of the scouts distinguished other echoes—the dull rumble of the heavy wagons of the oncoming train. A moment more and the van riders could be distinctly seen scurrying together and drawing into line of battle, the while that they goaded their straining animals forward evidently striving to reach a bit of broken ground—rolling prairie—which might afford them some protection. But the red fiends now, abandoning their first plans, were whooping and making a dash for the same covert. Stannard's party getting a clue to the movements put forth their powers to reach the same point first, hoping thus to aid the endeavors of Colonel Gardiner.

Charon and the old scout struck the coveted position several yards in advance of the main party, and with one of his fiercest yells the Texan Fox wheeled with the others to cover Gardiner's advance, but with some devilish manœuvre peculiar to the red rangers, they charged upon the train. A skillful flank movement of the cavalry, and its immovable front repelled them. However, the three-score warriors who had seemed to sort of keep by themselves, wheeled and dashing to the rear sought to cut off the three hindermost wagons, the flagging animals attached to them betraying the fact to the keen savages, that these were loaded with arms and ammunition.

But as rapid and unexpected as had been the movement, it was adroitly met. The Texan Fox, with his unearthly cry, followed by a determined handful of cavalry, crashed through between the wagons; and the muskets were almost touching barrel to barrel when the shots were exchanged. More than one poor fellow received his death, but unharmed himself, Charon charged them steadily, and Indian fashion, they broke and fled.

"Close up, close up," called out Colonel Gardiner. "Huddle the wagons together in the centre, and form in a square. Quick, men! look yonder."

The savages were rushing upon them in a sort of crescent form, the half wild horses guided by the red rangers' heels, which allowed them both hands to effect a steady and murderous aim.

They were close up, and it seemed that the handful of white men were doomed, when there suddenly appeared from the rear of the wagons a half score of fierce and determined men, who in turn took the Apaches in the rear, and treated them to a galling fire.

One of the chiefs fell dead and another was severely wounded. The attack was so furious that they were thrown into confusion, and delivering their volley at random, and receiving the soldiers' fire in return, they again broke and fled. The fall of their chief dampened their ardor.

"But we have little to hope from this," said Gardiner, as the retreating redskins wheeled off over the moonlighted plains. "There are as many as two hundred of them, is there not, Corporal Standish?"

"Nearly, sir, in both parties."

"What do you make of the smaller number that have mostly kept by themselves?" asked Stannard.

"Renegades, no doubt," returned the colonel. "They are connected very much as are the wolves and buzzards; the animal captures the prey, the bird helps devour it."

"What do you say, sir, to attempting to start up the train and pushing forward;" asked the wagonmaster.

"Thomas, I hardly know what to do," was the response. "If we leave this trifling covert we invite immediate attack."

"And if we remain, they can eat us at leisure."

"True, Thomas; and I will leave the matter with the guides. Charon, what do you say?"

"No much choice, 'connul. Same Apachu war party as took odder train, Colonel Miles'. Stake Plain fellars—hold on—heap fight. No good, no good; big riders, git ahead, take us in Tulee Crik."

Gardiner was in sore straits.

"Is there no way of obtaining reinforcements?"

Captain Stannard advanced. "If you could hold your ground here, colonel, two or three of us might make a dash through and endeavor to reach the outpost fifty miles east of here and secure aid, if the body of soldiers were in the barracks."

"But can I spare a man?"

"There is no other way, Gardiner, than to make this attempt," the elder scout spoke now, "and yet the men if they attempt to get off on horseback will be captured as sure as the world."

"If my horse were only fresh——"

"Heap bad," ejaculated Charon, "no fresh horse. Now, Colonel Gardiner, you tell me go in to outpost; you takee my gun, my pouch; me keep my knife, my tomahawk; me creep off under cover of wagons; me get up by'm-by, me make de big run. Pore soon me catchee horse maybe, me gettee fort fellars, yah! wha' ye say, chief?"

Colonel Gardiner conversed a moment aside with the other scout.

"Your plan is the only one with a possibility of success. Your position is one of extreme peril."

"Heap better'n you fellars have. Stick jes here. No chance to go on."

He crept away, keeping the wagons between him and any scouts which the savages might have left lurking near.

By-and-by the brave fellows standing on picket duty around the train saw the moon drop, as it seemed to them, with frightful haste below the southwestern rim of the plains. There would follow two long dark hours between then and the dawn, and they knew what to expect from the cowardly foe.

Utter silence fell upon the company, only as the tired beasts occasionally changed position, or restlessly champed their bits. Now and then one would give himself a sudden shake in the harness, and the strained nerves of the soldiers tingled, while their anxious vision peopled the shadows in the hollows with distinct forms. Not an echo of the recent powerful, noisy party of warriors. A heavy scud had drifted across the sky. The lines of brave fellows placed by Gardiner's orders around the train, with their backs to the wagons, held their position, and unconsciously found themselves bending forward, listening, and straining their eyes to pierce the darkness.

Can you picture it, reader? How the muffled beating of their own hearts led them to think that they heard the tread of many feet about them? How, racked with suspense at one moment, the next found them hoping that all would be well with them in the morning. But soon there started a terrible whisper along the lines. It grew at last into a loud, despairing shout:

"They are creeping upon us in the grass."

Every man foresaw his doom, but not a soldier's spirit faltered. Shoulder to shoulder they received the shock; face to foe, they met their inexorable fate.

CHAPTER VI.

TOO LATE.

Only to think, just at broad dawn a clear, mellow bugle call rose and fell upon the dewy air.

Charon, fortunate above the wildest imagination, five miles from his starting point had rather imperiously unhorsed a courier, mounted the steed, and sweeping like a tornado along the broad trail, ten miles from the outpost had intercepted Company I, returning from some mission of escort, and wheeling them about, more by his fierce gesticulations than by his broken English, had thus early got them back to succor—*what?* The bodies of the dead soldiers from the buzzards. For of that brave handful of men, there were only dead bodies, a part of which were left unscalped, because of the lateness of the hour, and the eagerness of the fiends to get off with the booty.

While the reinforcements stood palsied by the tragedy, the Texan Fox began his mournful, unearthly cries. Louder and fiercer and stronger they sounded, until the astonished soldiers found themselves shuddering as with ague; and finally they sank away in quivering wails. The echoes must have reached many miles across the prairie. Old scouts would erect their heads to listen, and one of them had once explained:

"Ive heard summat loike that on ther hills about the cities of the red barbers, wen er battle with an opposing politer kel party had hustolled a lot of braves inter the spiritual plains, an' ther red Rachels war a weepin', cause her children was not; but ef all ther caterwauls war stewed down thick and ropy, it wouldn't spin and twist like that ar unmitergated echo."

Unexpectedly — providentially — they were not all dead. The greediness of the butchers, and the close approach to morning when the massacre took place, had prevented them from making sure work.

Colonel Gardiner, greviously wounded in many places, still breathed; Captain Stannard, pinned down by an overturned wagon as he fell from a tomahawk blow, was able to faintly call for aid; while the scout, facetiously known as Old Style, under a heap of red rangers, crushed, weakened from a fearful loss of blood, was, at intervals, involuntarily going through the exact motions of a fish dying on shore. A faint, useless convulsion of the muscles, a falling down of the under-jaw and a feeble gasp showed that he still lived.

It did not take many seconds for the boys to toss off the savages' corpses, and get the old veteran up, so that the whisky from the corporal's canteen could run down his throat. A convulsive coughing due to partial strangulation, and a few moans and incoherent words, followed by the sudden ejaculation:

"I tell ye, I'd er fixed him, if a greasy sneak hadn't er fotched me a stunner on the back skull."

"You did fix him, old fellow," said the corporal, "for the big brave that lay face down a whispering to you had your knife drove through him."

"Brave!" ejaculated the old scout, staggering to his feet with a "Lem me alone! I bain't hurt a pin-feather in this scrimmage. Injins generally go fur body snatching, as far as their own complexion is concerned; unless hard pushed. 'Twan't no Injin vernacular ez I heard during the tussel, and so I kerried the winnin' hand in ther game." And jerking himself loose of the subaltern's supporting arm, he gyrated a few seconds like a nearly spent top, and rocking his arms wildly to keep his balance, he failed, and toppled to the ground muttering:

"How did we manage to get so near the fort; I heerd the bugle blow just now."

"Old veteran," exclaimed the corporal, "you keep quiet until we bury these poor fellows, and then we will take you in where you can hear the bugles at the fort, sure enough."

But the scout, evidently crazed by the blow upon his head, continued to flounder about in the grass, calling out to imaginary companions occasionally for help, or giving them words of encouragement.

Gardiner was still unconscious, Stannard moaning and nearly swooning with every motion of the horse upon which he was tied; and the old scout, jouncing and rolling in the saddle in his confused attempts to walk forward. Thus they came into the fortification, making a slow march, as the unhorsed soldiers with others were obliged to walk beside their animals to sustain and support the wounded, perhaps dying, men. And the sad tale horrified the brave fellows at the outpost, besides creating a bitter, vindictive thirst for revenge.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE CAPTIVE.

With a sudden and sharp ejaculation the elder scout sprang away from his companion, and began scrambling up the bald face of the cliff before them.

"What upon earth?" muttered Dan to himself, half thinking that Buns had taken leave of his senses, but patiently awaiting his return, "what has he discovered?"

The other descended the rocky ridge with as much alacrity as he had ascended it, holding in his fingers what Dan at first concluded was the feather of a vulture.

"It's sumpwhar hereabouts that ther trail is," explained the veteran, triumphantly, holding up for inspection a shred of black cloth, somewhat faded by the dews and sun. Both men examined it critically.

"It heving three squar ages and one sawteethed, proves ter my mind that she started the rent with her teeth. Stannard sed she wore this color that night. They've bin totin' her hereabout, but wich way? witch? These ere foothills air az full of holes az a colleudur. I'll warrent, she's been vendued—auctioned—frum hand to hand a dozen times no doubt, but she's been here within a few days."

"How have you come at that conclusion so readily?" inquired Dan.

"Because the twig near this ax was broke showed a greenish tint. We'll sarch fur ther camp-fire that they had hereabouts, an' maybe find some other trace of the varmints."

They began the ascent of the nearly perpendicular cliff. Beyond this cliff intervened a narrow strip of soil with a sparse beard of sage-like brush. On this thin scale of earth were the half-effaced traces of horses' feet. The marks were two or three days old, but a critical survey of them assured the scouts that the party which had passed that way were moving towards the Rocky Mountains.

"Mixed politics in this party," said Buns, after another critical survey, "fur ef thar's nothin' but Injuns in ther party, why is all ther horses shod—stolen, mebby, but 'tis more'n likely thar's a renegade or two among em. We'll lose the trail again on ther rocks, but we'll hev ter be a little more'n car'ful, Dan. In this section we're liable, in turnin' a juttin' rock, ter cum plump upon an ambuscade. The safest way now will be for me to advance on ter an elevation an' reconnoitre. With Loramie a leetle sou'east on us, we find ourselves in a kentry of limited monarchies, whar thar's no settled moral nor religious sentiments."

After two hours' search they had to give over that they could in nowise find the trail, and must again trust to chance or Providence.

Then Buns went forward cautiously up a sharp conical point of ground to get a survey of the adjoining territory.

"I don't like the look of things," was his verdict, on his return. "I b'leve that we're gettin' into an uncertingly poperlated region, whar ther Crows may light on us, an' ther Snake squirm low in ther grass; whar they think a great deal ov trippin' ther 'light fantistic toe,' or playin' pizen with the middle feller tied; an' ef I get no more symtoms of ther lost gall in a week's time, I shall lift my huffs in another direction until we reinforce our small company with some wanderin' party of traders or trappers."

The stated week passed without any new discoveries, excepting of their dangerous locality, and then, as he had intended, the scout turned about and was nearing the military outpost when they met a small band of traders, well armed and mounted, who were carrying traps, ammunition, and other "notions" to barter with the Indians for horses, or any peltry that might have been left over from the spring traffic. Among this party was a small, wiry half-breed named Dupall, who was to act as interpreter. This lithe and handsome young savage exhibited no little coxcombry, having recently married the handsomest squaw on the frontier, as he exultantly affirmed; and decked out in gorgeous finery, scarlet fringes and scarlet tassels, with a feather in his own hat and a silken tassel in the cap of his bride, no Eastern monarch ever surveyed the earth with more supreme disdain than did this wild aborigine.

Joined to this party of traders, were a number of young fellows who for fame, or wild adventure, had attached their interests to these fearless and free traders, with but little thought of the undertaking. If fate proved propitious they were intending to winter in the Rocky Mountains, and afterwards to push down its western slope wherever chance or fancy might dictate.

For a number of days after leaving the outpost, the party moved forward in a festive manner. Rousing fires at night, with huge aprons of steak roasting on the coals was an appetizing scene. With the horses picketed near by, they piled up their merchandise in their midst, and with lighted pipes regaled each other with a series of adventures until a late hour, when posting a trusty fellow as sentinel, they gave themselves up to repose, with as much ease and quiet as if they were sleeping in the environs of a fortified town.

But this sense of safety would soon leave them, as their way led off from all regular trails and brought them among roving and predatory bands of red men.

On the morning of the eighth day the party was surprised, while at breakfast, by the appearance of three mounted warriors. The event was unlooked for, as from previous observations they were unaware to their proximity to savages.

Halting outside of gunshot range, the braves went through a sort of deaf and dumb show.

"Which," said Dupall, "means trade—heap trade."

Buns advanced, unarmed, beyond the immediate vicinity of his party, and extending both arms as a warrant for his pacific intentions, began, through Dupall as interpreter, to ascertain what they had to barter.

"Village much away back—heap hoss, dry meat, some salmon, give much for backar, fire-water and gun victuals," said Dupall.

"Gun vittles?" Buns interrupted, with a wink of the full, round eye, and a corresponding twitch of the one on which the grizzly bear had set his trade-mark. "Gun vittles?" and he removed his scull-cap and threaded his foamy hair distractedly, "I'm az good as nonplushed."

The half-breed enjoyed his perplexity for a moment, and then explained:

"You know that, old Buns—you know it—powder, shot—gun vittles."

"Suttingly, or a surety, giv 'em ther lead ter punkter my skull—tell 'um Dupall, guess so," and the scout spluttered away at them on his own account, in which he bade them "git out—'spose they kerried on er backer trafic? an trot out ther hosses, as that firm didn't retail on credit," and so forth.

Having thus vented his surplus ire, he let the tide of trade take a natural bend between them and the interpreter.

"We go their way; call, talk some trade, see hosses, show goods bring up, ask 'em into camp, make a smoke an' big talk."

So the inquisitive braves were invited into camp, but they showed some symptoms of timidity, yet not so much caution as to lull the old scout's suspicions. However, he said nothing of his thoughts, but proceeded, with much solemnity, to load a heavy brierwood pipe, to which he applied a coal, and arranging a huge suction on his jaws, he drew in a monstrous bulk of smoke, which he ejected in four separate puffs, solemnly spouting the aromatic vapor towards the four points of the compass, after the most improved method of Indian etiquette. He, then, with a most stolid manner, presented the pipe of pence to the oldest warrior, and then, with a grunt of satisfaction, *he* sent *his* smoke in pursuit of the scout's, and passed the calumet to the nearest red brave, and so it went around, the young fellows of the party restraining their smiles with the greatest difficulty, until the ceremony was over and the white traders had agreed to call at the village.

As the bedizzened and ochred dandies rode soberly from sight, Buns broke the silence by saying:

"Too conildin' by harf. Them ar treacherous perukes ud never marched in here like that ef sumpwhar in ther locality had not been hid away a reinforcement of hook-noses. Blue heavings! I'd gin harf my back pay ef thar war a tree hereabouts as I could climb and view ther landscape o'er."

"No, sir," he returned, to a remark of one of the traders; "they wan't bent wholly on trade, at er ventur; them perukes hex hung to our rear sum days actin the high 'Lo' game, or 'I spy.'"

"You are serious, Buns?"

"Never more so in meetin', and we've got ter pick our roostin' place keerful to-night, for thar'll be er call fur—down outside, up in ther middle—promenade all, afore mornin' or I'm an unsartin' profit."

With Buns for advance scout, and Dan and the half-breed reconnoitring on either flank and the rear, they proceeded with unabated vigilance, and without molestation.

"We'll hev a picked up dinner," vouchsafed Buns; "and prong forward towards the fish fringe, or ther little fork, tributary to ther Platte."

"But it will be rather an uncommon days' journey," said one of the trappers.

"I know," returned the veteran scout; "but I should like to build my nest under a bush to-night."

"I can't think that any unusual danger threatens us," said Dan.

"Gin me yer opinion ter-morrer at sunrise, Dan."

With this the scout trudged onward.

At sunset of that day they were a long distance from the belt of bush which Buns was so anxious to reach.

"Is it best to attempt to go on?" one of the party asked.

"Forward," returned the scout, "at yer best paces. It's fur our interests ter git to ther bush afore 'tis occupied."

There were some murmurs of disap-

probation, but the majority of the party whipped up and made good paces toward the coveted shelter.

"Take the forward watch, Dan, with Dupall. Hev ther coals all stamped out by midnight; after that, call me up."

The night was calm, and clear, and full of silent majesty. The tall grass rose and fell as if with its own vibrations as hardly a breath of air was perceptible.

Thousands of insects found confidence to sing and twang upon the turf, or in the sky above swept like fairy craft upon a sea of air. The slight champing and tread of the horses picketed near struck upon the nervous ear with fearful distinctness.

The water of the fork slid onward with a silent, steady motion, while in the thickest belt of cottonwood the trappers lighted their fire, and ate their meal of broiled and jerked meat and hard biscuit with the most desirable appetite.

The long and wearisome tramp of the hunter is repaid by the relish with which he can, at eventide, devour his homely fare, and the buoyant health and elastic spirits imparted by the pure air of the mountains.

The quiet of the early nights was profound and unbroken, and the weary men slept secure in the watchfulness of the sentinels.

When the stars had told the hours, and midnight had passed, the veteran scout relieved the younger men, and declined the offer of companionship.

"No, boys, no; the circle of the camp is small, and I can get around it often enough; but from this time till dawn, sleep light, and have your guns under your fingers."

The camp settled back to sleep, and for nearly an hour Buns smoked his pipe meditatively, and stalked like a moving shadow from point to point. Then he extinguished the fire in his pipe, moved some of the traps in a position to suit him better, and with the barrel of his gun resting in the crook of his left arm, and his right thumb on the trigger, he trod on tiptoe, listening at every step, and straining his fierce eyes upon every side.

One and two o'clock had passed, and the resolute and undaunted watcher moved with greater caution, if possible, and made more frequent pauses. Only the drone and purring of the insects, and a wierd, indescribable hissing of the jostling grasses below, above, the wide vault, pulsing with stars, with now and then one falling out of place, and darting headlong through dizzy space, and yet so very far away, that no rumble nor hissing of its awful transit came to the acute ears of the sentinel.

Some unintelligible thoughts like these darted in and through the scout's brain, but eye and ear kept unabated vigilance. The dawn would soon show its faint white tints in the east. Was he indeed over cautious, and too suspicious?

Of a sudden the sentinel stood upright and rigid as if carved of stone. He then slowly and almost imperceptibly crawled together, sinking first upon his knees, then upon his face. Here for one moment he remained motionless. Again he arose to his knees, and, placing his gun in a proper position, crawled forward towards the sleepers.

"Dan," he whispered, "let me hev ther use or yer eyes a minute."

Dan cautiously rolled over, drew himself up a little, and they crawled out a bit from the others.

"It's mostly carm," whispered Buns; "but you look up along the crik an' see if the bush don't joggle once in a while."

Among the traps and luggage they watched, holding their breath, lest some sound should distract their perceptions.

"Yes," answered Dan, at length; "something is moving in the bush yonder."

"Cursed Perukos! I knowed it; and there is only one real smart way ter meet 'em. Hev the boys gut nerve enough to play sleep, and let 'em come clus?"

"I'll try them," was the answer, and the scout crawled rapidly from one to the other. For response every man rolled over and took the right position, and waited; but with the utmost self-denial alone restraining themselves from charging upon the sneaking foe.

Never was the wily red man more deceived than on this occasion. The whole camp must be asleep, as not the crackle of a twig or fagot argued to the contrary; not a horse snorted uneasily, and had any one looked upon Buns' visage, they would have seen a fierce, malicious grin widening his mouth, as he pictured the surprise in store for the red rangers. The men could hear each other breathe as one tall, dusky form after another arose and stalked towards the camp. Would the order never come to move, or were they to lie there and be brained without a movement? At last, just as it seemed voluntary suicide to remain longer inactive, there came the quick, sharp command:

"Fire!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DELICACY.—Fastidiousness has committed so many forgeries on the firm of delicacy that this poor virtue is nearly reduced to a state of bankruptcy. Familiarity inevitably destroys delicacy. Perhaps this is the reason why the society of strangers is sometimes more agreeable than that of our most intimate relatives. Delicacy respects the feelings of everybody. It, not only abstains from wounding the sensibilities of a modest woman, but even from trifling with the fancies of a nervous hypochondriac. Human life is full of so many grossnesses, each of which gives a fresh wound to delicacy, that at length she expires under repeated blows. At fifteen, our feelings are in their most sensitive state; at thirty, we regard with indifference things which, in younger and purer years, would have annoyed us exceedingly; at fifty, our beauty and our delicacy are both withering together—it is but paint for the former, and affectation for the latter; and in old age, to find those emotions of the soul would be as wonderful as to meet a smooth and rosy complexion. To a certain degree, delicacy is a virtue; let it get a step beyond, and it becomes the most childish imbecility.

IN a smiling region the man of money sees only the relations of hay, grain and wood; his admiration, radiant with calculation, reduces nature to figures, and adds up the scenery.

TEARS are as dew which moisten the earth, and renew its vigor. Remorse has none; it is a volcano, vomiting forth lava which burns and destroys.

A WINTER FANTASY.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

Your veil is thick, and none would know
The pretty face it quite obscures;
But if you feel it through the snow
Distrust those little boots of yours.

The tell-tale snow, a sparkling mould,
Says where they go and whence they came;
Lightly they touch its carpet cold,
And where they touch they sign your name.

Who runs may read! On twinkling feet
You trip where all may soon detect you;
And where, still rosy cold, you meet
The nested Loves—They quite expect you!

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

THE SPECTRAL BRIDE.

BY G. R. ROBERTSON.

The Lady Liebach was occupied with spinning. Ever and anon she cast furtive glances from the oriel window of the Castle of Stolzenfels. Her eyes were directed towards the circuitous road which led to the base of the mountain. Young, handsome, and mistress of the proud domain in which she had been reared and tenderly nurtured by doting parents who had passed away from the living things of the earth, it is not surprising that she should yearn for a protector.

Lady Liebach was betrothed to Sir Eustace de Vere, a young knight of the neighborhood, and was attached to him with all a woman's truest and tenderest devotion. Sir Eustace proposed repairing to the court of the Count Palatine, to be invested there with the occupation of his estates; and he was therefore about to bid farewell to his bride. An hour passed away; at the expiration of which, he might be seen galloping up from the valley.

The mistress of Stolzenfels dropped her spindle from joy when she caught sight of her lover. In her excitement, her hands got entangled with the gear, and before she could disengage herself, Sir Eustace entered the chamber. She was seized at the moment with an emotion she could not master; a strange feeling of doubt and fear—of coming evil—seemed to possess her; and the young knight, her companion, found it difficult to calm and appease her by his endearments. Eventually, he departed, with a promise of returning in a fortnight.

Sir Eustace was firmly resolved to hasten through the business upon which he was bound with all convenient speed, for he had left his heart and thoughts at Stolzenfels; but in spite of this resolution, he was detained longer than he had anticipated. On his arrival, the Count Palatine was about to send an embassy to Burgundy, and Sir Eustace was to accompany it. The journey took him six weeks.

On his return home, Sir Eustace and his companions lost their way. Night was setting in as they found themselves bewildered in the intricacies of a dense forest. The knight became separated from the rest of the party, and had to seek his way at random through the underwood, for the night was intensely dark.

After groping about for some time, he heard the noise of a murmuring brook, and at once hastened towards it. The stream was flowing past a hill, on the top of which the watch-towers and walls of an ancient castle peered down upon him in awful gloom. Sir Eustace requested to be admitted, and having mentioned his name, and briefly related the misadventures of the night, the doors were at once thrown open, and he presently found himself ushered into a stately apartment, whose walls were hung with numerous paintings.

The knight, when left to himself, attentively scanned the pictures, which appeared to be representations of various stories. The subject of one was, laying the foundation stone of a church; and on another a knight was engaged in combat with a troop of Saracens; a third represented a knight exchanging his sword for a palmer's staff—in short, the whole seemed to depict the story of the family that owned the castle.

When Sir Eustace de Vere had surveyed curiously these pictures, he perceived one covered with black crape, which was suspended in a corner of the apartment. Curiosity prompted him to uncover it, when he beheld a beautiful maiden standing in a grave. She looked very blooming and charming, and seemed to be engaged in arranging her hair. The knight was meditating what this singular representation could mean, when the lord of the castle entered the apartment to welcome his stranger guest. Lord Budo—such was his name—appeared to be a very aged gentleman—not unlike the trunk of a tree whose blossoms and leaves are withered before their time, a canker-worm having destroyed the core of its life. The stream of his heart, once flowing so lively, had been encrusted by some icy blast; and, when he shut his eyes, you might have taken him for a corpse. He had the reputation of being kind-hearted and hospitable, and had set his people in motion to do proper honor to his guest. He soon became on familiar terms with the young knight, and seemed pleased with his discourse. The two sat talking till nearly midnight. Sir Eustace became drowsy, and an aged servant conducted him into a bedroom, the way to which led through a long, desolate, gloomy arched passage. The windows were covered with cobwebs, and the glimmer of light attracted a number of bats, which fluttered about Sir Eustace and his conductor.

"Sir Knight," said the old servant, "you will, perhaps, think you have stumbled upon an enchanted castle, tenanted by evil spirits. Our master is childless, and his thoughts are utterly abstracted from the things of this world. These thirty years since the death of the fair Elinda, his last daughter, he suffers everything to fall into decay; and the apartment into which I am about to take you is the only one now fit to receive a stranger. It is, however, but rarely that a traveler claims our hospitality. You are the first we have had to welcome for full five years."

While the old man was speaking, he and his companion entered the apartment. Sir Eustace would fain have learnt some further particulars of the lord of the castle and his fate, but his conductor eluded all queries; and, as he wished him good night, said, in a low whisper:

"Don't be alarmed if you should hear a noise in the adjoining chamber."

With these words, he took his departure.

When left alone, the knight, albeit as brave as a lion, felt a little uneasy. He thought of apparitions, goblins, and gnomes—for the old castle was strangely suggestive of such creatures. Not liking to go to bed, he flung himself in an arm-chair.

He remained for some time absorbed in thought. Presently he heard soft steps in the next room, and immediately after, the gentle song of a female voice gradually dying away.

The knight arose from his seat, shook himself, and exclaimed:

"More adventures! The sweet voice of woman! It is not unlikely that the old rogue has some fair damsel concealed here, whom I am not permitted to see."

Sir Eustace was gallant by nature. His curiosity was aroused, and he crept to the door of his apartment, which he opened gently, with the hope of being able to see, through the keyhole, who was his next-door neighbor.

He was not doomed to be disappointed in his expectations.

The door of her room was left ajar, and a lamp was burning in a candlestick. Sir Eustace beheld, much to his astonishment, a maiden of elegant form and beauteous features, sitting at a table before a looking-glass. She was toying with her long golden locks, and appeared to view with satisfaction the charming features of her blooming countenance.

The knight seemed to be rivoted to the spot, and found it difficult to refrain from addressing her; but, after a little reflection, his good breeding prevailed, and he tacitly acknowledged that it would be unseemly to speak to her at such a time and in such a place.

"And yet she is wondrously fair, and bewitchingly handsome! Who can she be? and how is it that she is immured in this lonely and cheerless prison-house—for such it must be to a being so radiant—to one who is in the full flush of youthful and womanly beauty?"

He returned to his chamber, and flung himself on his bed, but could not get a wink of sleep. In his mind's eye he was continually beholding the charming maid who seemed to have taken possession of his heart.

When the old servant asked Sir Eustace, on the following morning, whether he had passed a tranquil night, he replied in the affirmative, not caring to acknowledge what he had seen.

The lord of the castle invited his guest to stay a few days with him, to which the latter readily agreed, though the image of the Lady Liebach flitted before him like a warning tutelary genius. During the day he explored the approaches of the castle and its environs. Pursuing a solitary path in the gloomy pine-wood, he came to a chapel, which seemed to be but little frequented. Nettles and thorns were growing all around, and a maple tree had thrust its branches through a broken window, overshadowing the half-decayed altar, next to which, and all around against the walls of the chapel, he beheld many tombs, one of which was open and empty. Upon a tombstone, placed against the wall, he read these words:

"Wanderer, pray for rest, but shun my aspect."

Sir Eustace de Vere knew not what to think of this singular inscription, when he at once recollected the picture covered with black crape.

A kind of horror seemed all at once to creep over him, as he reflected on the mysterious nature of the secluded castle. He thought of his betrothed, the gentle and loving Lady Liebach; and, as he did so, he resolved to continue his journey that very evening.

Unfortunately, he did not on his return to the castle find its owner at home; and, thinking it uncourteous to depart without taking leave, he could not decently help staying another night in the ominous place.

As he was returning to rest, he again heard, in the next room to his own, the same voice that had disturbed him on the preceding night; and, soon after, notes reached his ears so sweet and delightful as to draw him mechanically to the lovely songstress.

The door of the chamber was left ajar, as on the former occasion. Her form appeared to him to be even more beautiful than when he had first beheld her; he noted the flexuous and graceful outlines of her matchless figure; her eyes appeared to swim in languishing melancholy.

"She is fashioned in nature's fairest mould!" exclaimed he. "Indeed, but she is very lovely!"

He could not restrain himself any longer. He stepped into her chamber, stammering some excuse.

She saw and heard him, casting upon him a kind smile, without, however, returning any other answer.

Having asked her some questions, she pointed to an inscription engraved on a black marble table at which she was sitting. It ran thus—"I must be silent; love can bind—love can release me."

Sir Eustace mused for a moment. The maiden looked mournfully, with a mien and bewitching sweetness that seemed to penetrate his inmost soul.

He seized her hand, and raised it to her lips, saying, as he did so, "You need a friend?"

She nodded.

"Let me be one. Tell me what troubles you—how I may serve you."

She gave a melancholy smile, but made no reply.

Her companion ventured a kiss upon her cheek.

She took a ring out of a drawer, and offered it to the knight, who, no longer master of himself, in a moment of delirium, put it on his finger, clutching her impetuously in his arms.

At this moment something fluttered against the window, screeching most awfully. The maiden, after breathing a kiss on his lips, disengaged herself from his embrace, and retreated to an adjoining apartment.

Sir Eustace de Vere now felt a secret dread creep over him. However, the intoxication of his senses had not as yet entirely left him. His brain seemed to be on fire. He paused for a moment, and then sought his own chamber. Flinging himself on his couch, he soon sank into a fitful, uneasy slumber. When he awoke, at the first dawn of day, his senses were a little sobered, and he felt a deep anxiety to at once leave the mysterious castle.

He took a hasty leave of its lord, and proceeded on his journey. Spurring his horse impatiently, he did not relax his haste till the gray turrets of the castle were no longer visible.

In the fields he met some herdsmen. He dismounted, and asked them some particulars of the castle in the forest.

"There is a fearful story connected with it," said one of the herdsman. "Old Budo, who still resides there, had a fair daugter, named Elinda. Many rich and noble lords wooed her. She was, however, vain and foolish, and demanded of her lovers the most impossible things. Some of them agreed to comply with her demands, and sacrificed their lives in consequence. Among them there was a youth, of noble person and unblemished name, the only son of an aged mother. Of him, she demanded he should stand yonder, within the king's territory, in a cross road, on the first night in May, and tell her, on the following morning, what he had seen and heard. The young man fancied this an easy task, and went into the forest unarmed. But the next day, only a few pieces of the body were found. Many people maintain that the fiends, who on that night keep the witches' sabbath there, had torn him to pieces; while others believed he had fallen a prey to the wolves. The melancholy news of his death turned his mother's brain. She cursed Elinda in her dying hour; and her curse was realized, for Elinda began to sicken nine days after, and died suddenly. But when they were going to bury her, and opened her coffin, to have a last look at her before consigning her to the tomb, the body was gone! She still haunts the gray forest castle, in the same shape as when alive, and endeavors to inveigle any stranger who may chance to lodge there; but whosoever suffers himself to be ensnared by her, dies in three times nine days; and he only who can resist her attractive and fascinating beauty, can redeem her and lay her to rest."

Sir Eustace de Vere heaved a deep sigh, and smote his forehead with his clenched fist. Despair was at his heart. Too late he became painfully aware of his own weakness and imprudence. He examined the ring given him by the lady, and was struck with horror when he read the words, "Thou art mine."

Night was setting in, and the road he was taking led through a gloomy pine forest; the silence of the grave prevailed around; not a leaf was stirring. Sir Eustace continued on his course for some time, hoping to reach the forest hostelry, when he observed a fire on one side of his path, near to an ancient gloomy tomb, around which some figures were moving like shadows. Coming nearer he beheld three old women, who appeared to be engaged in some mysterious work. He drew the rein of his horse, and watched their proceedings. One of the women was muttering some unrighteous words, for the purpose of working some unholy spell.

The knight felt as if some bad spirits were haunting him! he spurred his horse, and made him leap over hedges and stones. Flushed and excited, he succeeded in reaching the forest hostelry, where he spent the night.

The next day, about sunset, he reached the Castle of Stolzenfels, where his betrothed resided. As he was going across the drawbridge, he saw two men walking before him, who bore a coffin. Seized with inexpressible fear, he called to them; but on a sudden they both vanished from his sight. With tottering knees, he walked up-stairs. The Lady Liebach flew into his arms, with an exclamation of delight and rapture. Sir Eustice asked who had died on the previous day. The mistress of Stolzenfels looked surprised, and said, "No one of her household." Upon this her companion endeavored to assume a cheerful aspect, and begged his affianced not to delay the nuptials longer. Lady Liebach consented, and the day of the celebration of their marriage was definitely fixed.

The nearer the time came when the ceremony was to be performed, the lighter did Sir Eustace feel at heart.

He strove to forget the mysterious castle in the gloomy forest, and all its melancholy associations; nevertheless, he was ill at ease. The strange legend he had heard fall from the lips of the herdsman haunted him by day and by night. It was only when in the presence of his betrothed that he could muster up courage, and for a while forget the events of that too fatal night. Many distinguished persons had received invitations to be present at the wedding of the Sir Eustace de Vere and the Lady Liebach. Some of these noted that the bridegroom was at times sadly depressed, whilst at others he gave way to boisterous merriment. At length the day arrived which was to see two loving hearts bound in holy union.

The marriage procession, formed in due order, proceeded to the chapel, the bells of which rang out their epithalamium.

The bride looked amiable and lovely. She was happy, for she was about to be led to the altar by the man of her choice, and was in complete ignorance of his escapade in the forest castle.

To reach the chapel, the marriage procession had to cross the yard, and then proceed through the great gateway of Stolzenfels. A sudden misgiving seemed to seize Sir Eustace. Upon reaching the gates he fancied that a veiled lady, led by a black knight, were walking triumphantly before the bride.

He bitterly recollected the coffin and the gray forest castle; and at that time had not the courage to ask any of his friends and companions who the veiled lady was whom he had not seen in the hall. The circumstance, as a natural consequence, somewhat damped his spirits.

The procession halted at the doors of the chapel.

Sir Eustace was nervous and fidgetty. He, however, managed to reach the altar without betraying any outward manifestation of the mighty fear which found a place in his heart and brain. As he was about to join hands with his bride, he felt an icy cold one within his own. It was the hand of the maiden of the forest castle, who at that moment stood between the distracted knight and the Lady Liebach.

The darkness of night veiled his eyes—the horrors of death thrilled through his frame—and with a shrill scream of despair, painful in its intensity, he dropped to the ground. There was a general consternation—a sudden panic seemed to seize all present. It was impossible for the ceremony to be proceeded with. Sir Eustace was carried back to the Castle of Stolzenfels, more dead than alive.

The doctors averred that his mainly was brought on by over-excitement. A considerable time elapsed before he recovered the use of his senses. A priest was sent for, and having confessed to him, he desired Lady Liebach to be called to his bed-side. He related to her what had happened at the forest castle, and declared that he could neither live nor die until she became his wife. The priest joined their hands. When this solemn act had been performed, the shadow of the grave darkened Sir Eustace's eyes, and in a few minutes he breathed his last. Lady Liebach mourned away her days in the garb of widowhood, and sank into an early grave.

A RHINOCEROS HUNT.

BY NIMROD.

Two English officers, respectively named Pembroke and Stephens, had ventured from Cape Town far into the interior of that wild, almost unpeopled country, where the huge beasts of the wilderness might with propriety be called the lords of the domain. Here, sometimes alone by themselves, and sometimes accompanied by a few of the natives, they had several weeks' sport, killing something of almost every genus, and of the different species of the antelope, in great abundance.

One morning, as was sometimes their custom, they mounted their horses, and set off alone on the trail of a male giraffe, which they had wounded the night before at a fountain near the camp, where the animal, with many others, had come to slake his thirst during the hours of darkness. The trail being marked by blood, they were enabled to follow it easily, and did so for a considerable distance. It led them into a thick, dark wood, which they had penetrated for something like a mile, when they were somewhat startled by hearing a strange kind of snorting, and a blowing sound, accompanied with a loud rustling and crushing of bushes ahead of them. Simultaneously drawing up their horses, they listened for a few moments to these peculiar sounds, looking inquiringly at each other.

"What is it, Stephens?" asked Pembroke, in a low, guarded tone.

"I cannot imagine," returned the other, "unless it is an elephant. I have never heard anything exactly like it before; but from what I have read and been told, I should not be greatly surprised to find it one of those monstrous beasts."

"Perhaps it is our dying giraffe?" suggested Pembroke.

"It may be, and I hope it is, for I am really anxious to secure one of those long-necked fellows. But we waste time here," he pursued, looking at the caps of his double-barreled hunting-piece. "Let us ride cautiously forward, and be prepared for the worst."

The two hunters accordingly advanced at a slow gait in the direction of the noise, which continued as they had first heard it, but grew more audible every moment. Soon they reached a large thicket of wait-a-bit thorns, which stretched away to the right and left, and was as impassable as a hedge, and from beyond which came the blowing, snorting, and thrashing sounds, louder than ever.

"It is certainly some large beast," whispered Pembroke; "perhaps two of them, engaged in a fierce encounter; but they are evidently not carnivorous, or we should hear their furious growls."

Once more carefully looking to their weapons, the gentlemen rode carefully round the thicket till they came to an opening like an avenue, through which they could see what was taking place; and there, to their great surprise, they beheld a large, black, one-horned rhinoceros, furiously engaged in charging upon a clump of bushes which he seemed determined to destroy, and a considerable portion of which he had already broken down, uprooted, and trampled under his heavy feet.

This being the first of the species that either of the hunters had ever seen, and not knowing that it was the habit of the beast so to conduct himself at certain periods during a wild, mad freak, they were greatly astonished and knew not what to think of it. At first they were disposed to believe that there must be some small animal or snake in the bushes, which had aroused the fury of the monster; but after watching him some time, they became satisfied that he was merely venting his rage upon inanimate objects; and then came the important question as to what they then themselves had better do under the circumstances. It was clearly evident that the furious animal was not aware of their proximity, and they might easily steal away as they had come, unobserved; but this, in the eyes of hunters, looked like cowardice, and both felt a natural ambition to add the monster to their stock of specimens, or at least secure his horn as a trophy of their prowess.

"Shall we fire upon him?" whispered Pembroke, with a nervous working of his fingers about the lock of his rifle.

"If we do," replied the other, "I fear our leaden bullets will not penetrate his thick hide, and then most likely he will make a rush for us."

"But our horses are fleet and in good condition, and we came into this wilderness to take our chances," said his companion.

"True," replied Stephens, "and I am as anxious to kill the beast as you are. At all events, suppose we make the trial. Do you fire first, then, aiming for his fore-shoulder, and if you can succeed in crippling him, I think the rest may be safely managed."

Nothing but his intense occupation with his harmless but furious work of destroying the clump of bushes before him, and the loud blowing, snorting, tramping, and thrashing noise he himself made, had thus far kept the dangerous animal from detecting the presence of his enemies; for the horses of the hunters, unaccustomed to such a sight, had all the time been very restless, champing their bits, snorting, rearing, and dancing; so that now, when Pembroke had resolved to fire, he found it impossible for some minutes to get anything like a correct aim.

But at length there chanced a favorable moment, with one side of the huge beast towards him, and he fired both barrels of his rifle in quick succession. The balls evidently hit the point aimed at; but for any good they did, they might as well have been flattened against a stone wall. The rhinoceros sprang aside as if rather startled than hurt, wheeled face to his foes, and, catching a sight of them, made a sudden and furious rush forward, with elevated head, and a noise something between a grunt and a bellow.

Not troubling himself to take the open avenue through the thicket, he crashed madly through the hedge-like thornbushes, trampling them down as if they were so many weeds. Without waiting for him to reach them, both hunters put spurs to their horses, and when the savage beast appeared on the near side of the bushy barrier, they were at least a hundred yards distant, and riding for their lives among the tall trees of the forest.

On seeing the hunters flying so fast before him, the huge animal suddenly came to a halt with a loud, blowing sound, and seemed undecided whether to pursue them or beat a retreat. At this the hunters also checked their flight, and Stephens, riding out from his companion, who now began to reload with all haste, fired both barrels at the head of the beast. More by good luck than skill, one of the balls struck him in the left eye in a way to destroy the vision without mortally wounding him, and the other went through his flexible upper lip, drawing blood, and the two enraging him to perfect madness.

With a snort of fury, the animal now made a desperate charge for his last assailant, and pursued him for half a mile with such headlong velocity, that at the end of that space not more than twenty yards divided them, although Stephens had made his fleet horse do his utmost, and torn his clothes in ribbons, and lacerated his face and arms in contact with branches, bushes, and brambles. Seeing there was little chance of his escape in a dead race, he now bethought him of doubling upon his pursuer, and fortunately chose his blind side, and soon had the satisfaction of finding himself beside him. Pembroke now rode up, and, while the rhinoceros was beating about in a fury, managed to get within twenty yards, and give him two shots in his left shoulder, one of which fortunately took effect. The enraged animal wheeled and made a limping charge at his foe, who now easily avoided him, when, seeming suddenly to think he was not going to have the best of the fight, he turned and made off as fast as he could.

This was the turning-point in favor of the hunters, who, with shouts of joy, pursued him for more than a mile, each alternately giving him the contents of his rifle as fast as he could load and fire.

At length the beast came to bay, weak and bleeding, in a small thicket, and, springing from his horse, and taking a position directly in front of him, Stephens fired both barrels at his head. The beast now made another charge, and the daring hunter, attempting to fly, slipped, and went down right before him. Before he could regain his feet, the huge animal had passed almost over him without seeing him, one of his feet just grazing his head.

A few more shots then settled the business, and the hunters finally returned to camp, bearing in triumph the hard, polished horn of the brute, and thanking heaven they were alive to tell the story of their perilous adventure.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

KEROSINE oil is good for removing rust from cutlery.

HYPOSULPHITE of soda is better than common washing soda for laundry purposes.

INK stains may be removed from books by wetting the spot with a solution of oxalic acid, one ounce; water, half a pint.

MOTHS may be kept out of furs and woolen clothes by wrapping the fabric in muslin. Moths cannot eat through muslin.

IN sudden attacks of diarrhœa, a large cup of strong, hot tea, with sugar and milk, will frequently bring the system to a healthy state.

A CURE FOR ERYSIPELAS.—Pound chalk to a powder; mix in meth, and whitewash with sponge or rag. Dry wheat flour is very good also.

A FULL bath should not be taken less than three hours after a meal. Never drink cold water before bathing. Do not take a cold bath when tired.

LIVING and sleeping in a room which the sun never enters is a slow form of suicide. A sun bath is the most refreshing and life-giving bath that can possibly be taken.

WOOD CEMENT.—Shellac, dissolved in alcohol, makes the strongest cement for wood. It will unite the fractured legs of your chairs and tables as firmly as if they had never been broken.

SCALD flannel before making, as it shrinks in the first washing. This shrinking is usually caused by using too much soap, and washing them in too cold water. Never use soda for flannels.

A CURE FOR DIARRHŒA AND CHOLERA.—Equal parts red pepper and cinnamon, half do. cloves and mace ground fine. Dose—Teaspoonful in a wineglassful of hot or boiled water; repeat if necessary.

GLUE FOR READY USE.—To any quantity of glue use common whisky instead of water. Put both together in a bottle, cork tight, and set it away for three or four days. It will then be fit for use, without the application of heat. It will be found a useful and handy article in every household.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice-stone, and one part of finely-powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve, and mix it with water; then rub it well all over the marble, and the stains will be removed; then wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

To one-half ounce of white, hard varnish, add two ounces of methylated spirit. Shake up well, and allow it to settle for an hour or two. Clean very carefully a plate of glass, and coat with the varnish. When dry, a semi-opaque film of exquisite fineness will be left on the glass, which answers well as a substitute for grinding the glass.

CARE OF THE TEETH.—Decay of the teeth is really caused by their being dissolved by acids generated in the mouth by the decomposition of small particles of food. It is clear, therefore, that the only method of preventing this, is to apply the brush immediately after every meal. Soap is the best substance to use on the brush, though it is advisable occasionally to use a rather rough powder of some kind to keep the teeth in brilliant polish.

HOW TO ALLEVIATE A COUGH.—The London *Lancet*, which ought to be a good authority, says: "Anodynes, narcotics, cough mixtures, and lozenges are practically of no good, and but too often increase the debility and hasten the fatal end. The best method of easing cough is to resist it with all the force of will possible, until the accumulation of the phlegm becomes greater, then there is something to cough against, and it comes up very much easier, and with half the coughing. A great deal of hacking and hemming and coughing in invalids is nervous, purely nervous, or from the force of habit, as is shown by the frequency when thinking about it, and the comparative rarity when the person is so much engaged that there is no time to think about it, and the attention is compelled in another direction."

For True Love's Sake!

OR,

The Discarded Wife.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

Author of "The Ebony Casket," Etc., Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 23, Vol. 24. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXV.

THE NEXT MORNING.

The blue sky was brilliant and serene, and brightly shone the sun, as if it looked down upon a world of unalloyed peace and pleasantness, as Godfrey Vaughn emerged from the glass door opening upon the terrace, and walked slowly across the dew-bespangled lawn.

He walked with his head dropped upon his breast, and a slight frown wrinkling his handsome brow, for Godfrey Vaughn had many subjects of perplexed thought, that delicious midsummer morning.

His face lighted up with a look of pleasure, however, as, lifting his eyes suddenly, they wandered over those well-kept grounds, back to the palatial mansion he had just left. The thought stirred in his heart that all this fair heritage might some day be his own. Events seemed to be working in that direction. What wonder that he felt a thrill of delight and triumph!

Standing in the shadow of the hedgerow was a man upon whom he came with startling suddenness; a tall man, who stooped a little, with iron-gray hair and beard, and a battered felt hat pulled low over his eyes.

Godfrey caught a glimpse of those eyes underneath the slouching brim. They were light blue in color, and strangely full of fire and passion for a man of his apparent age.

"What do you want here?" asked Godfrey, sharply, for he felt irritated by the scrutiny bent upon his own features.

"Nothing, now that you have made your appearance," was the cool reply.

Godfrey started back with a muttered oath. That voice! He could have sworn to it anywhere.

"Roland Dane?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, Roland Dane. You seem very much surprised. I thought you would expect me, or I should not have taken the trouble to come up by the morning train."

Godfrey started a little.

"Come up from where?" he questioned, not very clearly, or elegantly.

"New York."

"Did you pass the night in New York?"

"I did."

"But why did you assume that disguise?"

Roland's lip curled disdainfully.

"You surely forget yourself, my worthy friend. Could I have come here in my own proper person, after the events of yesterday? You know that I could not."

"Humph. If you were afraid of my uncle's vengeance, I have to assure you that there is a respite for you."

"I am afraid of no man," was the proud reply. "But what do you mean by a respite?"

"Uncle Douglas is ill. The discovery of his wife's infidelity was too great a blow for him to bear. He was brought home, yesterday, in a fainting fit, and has not really been himself since he came out of it."

Godfrey spoke in a careless tone of voice. But he was looking straight at Roland, and saw the latter flush up suddenly, through all the false, olive-coloring upon his face.

"Ill? Major Vaughn ill?"

"Quite ill."

"He might die at any moment?"

"Yes," answered Godfrey. The eyes of the two men met. There was something sinister and diabolical in each. The same thought seemed to have struck both Godfrey and Roland.

The latter laughed, after a little—a forced, harsh laugh, scarcely pleasant to hear.

"Major Vaughn must make his will without delay," he whispered, suddenly dropping one hand upon Godfrey's shoulder.

"Yes," answered the latter, turning pale.

"Can you persuade him to do so?"

Godfrey drew back a step or two, while an icy chill ran through his veins. It was caused more by his companion's looks and tone than by the words he had uttered.

"What are you driving at, Dane?" he demanded, angrily.

"Nothing," was the cool reply. "I was thinking what a fortunate man you are likely to be one of these very fine days."

"Drop that!" snarled Godfrey, "I will not listen to your insinuations."

He did not look really displeased, after all. But he was as white as a dead man, and shaking from head to foot.

"Very well," said Roland, indifferently. "It is good policy not to speak one's mind too freely upon such subjects."

"You are a fiend in human shape, Dane."

"Thank you, my dear, sir, for your good opinion."

"But," and he put up his right hand, and swore a fearful oath, "you had better be careful what evil suggestions you put into my head, or it will be the worse for you."

Roland turned upon him with a bitter sneer.

"You are as bad as I am, Godfrey Vaughn, every whit as bad, and you know it. Don't try any of your hypocritical cant with me, for I don't like it. But let that pass, I have only one thing more to say to you, when you *do* come into your share of the Vaughn property, you must not forget me."

"I shall not."

"If you do, you will not long enjoy your property. Besides, we shall be cousins, then."

"Cousins?" ejaculated Godfrey.

"Yes, when I marry the pretty Rose."

Godfrey started. He had known for some time in what manner the clever villain meant to feather his own nest by this business. This was the reward Roland had vaguely hinted at, that day in Cherry street. But Godfrey dared not offer the slightest opposition to the arrangements, unpleasant as it seemed to him.

"Ay," said he, "when you are Rose Carrington's husband."

Roland gave him a keen glance. He read Godfrey's thoughts bitter than the latter imagined.

"The day is not very distant when I shall claim her as my own," he said, in a low, resolute voice.

Then, after a pause, he added:

"I have served you well, Godfrey Vaughn. You cannot deny that. All I undertook I have accomplished. The revenge you meditated upon your uncle's wife is complete. She has been driven from her home and her husband's arms in shame and disgrace. I hope you are satisfied?"

The young man eagerly grasped his arm.

"Where is she now? Where has Nora hidden herself?"

"Do you care to know?"

"Care?" burst out Godfrey, furiously. "I would not lose sight of her for the world!"

"She went to New York."

"Of course you followed her? Of course you can tell me where to find her?"

The hypocrite shook his head. It was no part of his plan to share this confidence with his companion.

"Unfortunately, I cannot. I *did* follow her, but she succeeded in eluding me. She must have guessed that she was being followed. Perhaps she saw and recognized me, in spite of this disguise."

Godfrey broke into a volley of the most fearful curses. With him, it was only the first step in his scheme of vengeance when Nora was banished from Rosewood. He was not done with her, by any means. He would not be done with her until she had groveled at his feet as he had groveled at hers.

"You fool! you —— fool!" he roared.

"Softly," said Roland, turning very red. "I do not like such language, even from you."

"Nora must be found!"

"With all my heart. But you are not to swear at me about it. Remember that."

He laughed, but there was something in his eye that looked dangerous.

At this instant a light step came tripping over the grass, approaching them. It was Rose Carrington. She looked pale and flurried.

"Mornin', ma'am," said Roland, in a disguised voice, making an awkward bow.

She scarcely glanced at him, but her lip curled.

"Come up to the house, Godfrey," she cried out. "Uncle Douglas is calling for you."

"Is he worse?"

"Much worse. Come instantly."

She caught hold of his hand, and hurried him away in her eagerness. Half way across the lawn she turned to look back at the slouching figure by the hedgerow.

"Who is that man?" she asked him, sharply.

"I don't know. Come along. Don't mind him."

As for Roland Dane, he was looking after them, and thinking his own thoughts, just at that particular moment.

Should it be the pretty Rose, or Nora? He would wait, and let events decide that question. If Major Vaughn died, and made no new will, leaving Nora well provided for——

Well, it was useless following out that train of thought. But he was glad he had not told Godfrey where to find Nora.

When Godfrey and Rose reached the house, they were met in the hall by Janet Conway. She was very pale, and her eyes were red and swollen by much weeping.

"I've sent for the doctor," she said. "He will be here directly. Now come upstairs at once."

She led the way to an upper room, where Major Vaughn lay writhing and tossing upon a couch. He grew quieter, however, the instant his nephew crossed the threshold.

"I am glad you have come, Godfrey," he said, feebly extending his hand.

Godfrey went up to the bed, and leaned over him.

"My poor, dear uncle," he faltered. "I fear you are very ill."

Major Vaughn looked up with a ghastly smile.

"I am better, now that you are here. Don't leave me, Godfrey. You and Rose are all that are left to comfort me now."

"And me, dear uncle," said Janet, bending down to kiss his forehead, and speaking in a trembling voice.

The sick man shuddered, and turned away his face without a word.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE OPIUM EATER.

It was not by any means a pleasant moment for poor Nora when she found herself in that unknown house in Cherry street, alone with the woman who had been instrumental in bringing so much trouble upon her.

Added to the humiliation of being dragged unwillingly to this spot, as she had been, this new trial was almost more than she could bear, and she sank white and palpitating into the nearest seat.

The room, with its glare of coarse light, its incongruous array of furniture, and that thin, mocking face of the woman, swam before her eyes like the vague images of a dream.

Presently she started up with a shudder. A faint color fluttered into her pallid cheeks.

"I can't stay here with *you*," she said, making an effort to speak decidedly, "the humiliation of it would be unendurable."

She turned and tottered towards the door. Mrs. Saltonstall glided noiselessly up to her, and dropped one hand upon her arm.

"You heard what Roland said," she muttered, speaking now for the first time. "He said you were to remain here."

"I tell you I cannot."

She reached the door and turned the knob. She could get no further. Roland had turned the key upon the other side, so she went back to her seat again, shivering with dread.

There is something ominous in the insult of being locked into an apartment. Nora's blood ran cold in her veins. Here was the climax of all the horrible misfortunes of that day!

The woman only laughed at her doleful face.

"I don't suppose you do like your company," said she, with a sneer. "I am no better pleased than yourself. I might have prevented this, if I had known, beforehand, it was likely to occur. But it is too late now. Here you are, and here you must remain, as long as Roland sees fit to keep you."

Nora sat wildly wringing her hands, but she made no answer; and presently the woman went on:

"It *is* a little strange that you and I should be shut up here together to enjoy a *tete-a-tete*. We are the two last women in the world who should have met in such a manner, and that for more reasons than one."

Nora turned towards her with an irrepressible cry of anguish and reproach.

"Oh, why did you help to betray me into this snare? How could you be so cruel, so heartless?—I, a defenceless woman like yourself! What had I done to call such treachery upon my head?"

"Hush!" was the cold reply. "Don't complain to me. This is none of my doings, I tell you!"

"It was you who lured me to the White Swan with your wild, improbable falsehoods," Nora retorted.

Mrs. Saltonstall shrugged her shoulders whimsically.

"How do you know I have told you any untruth?" she said, with a strange laugh. "You cannot be sure of that from anything that has occurred."

"An honest woman would have kept the appointment she had made."

"Bah! It was made for my interest *not* to keep it."

Nora looked at her with a red spot burning in either cheek, and flame in her eyes.

"Do you persist in repeating that infamous falsehood concerning my husband?" she demanded.

"I persist in declaring that I was Major Vaughn's wife long enough before he ever saw or heard of you," with a little grimace, and a snap of her yellow eyes.

"I do not believe you."

Nora said no more. She leaned her head upon one hand in a listless attitude, waiting for what was to come next. She disdained to bandy words with the woman.

"Oh, my noble husband!" she thought. "How vilely you have been imposed upon by those who should have been your friends. They have made you believe that white is black; they have filled your ears with lies, your soul with distrust. But I do not despair. My hour of triumph will come again, and I shall sweep away the network of this infamous plot as easily as I would brush a cobweb from my path."

For a moment she felt brave and strong enough to endure anything, with this sweet trust in God making peace in her soul. But she could not long shut her eyes to the real terrors of her situation.

Presently she fell to watching Mrs. Saltonstall, as that strange, haggard-looking woman moved about the apartment. There was something dreamy and listless in all her motions, as if her thoughts were far away, or her brain in a sort of stupor.

At last she opened a little drawer in the cabinet that stood against the wall. It fell with a crash upon the floor, and a small vial, labelled "opium," rolled close to Nora's feet.

Mrs. Saltonstall caught it up with a wild, hungry gleam in her yellow eyes, dashed it into the drawer again, and pushed the drawer back in its place, muttering unintelligibly to herself as she did so.

Finally she turned and confronted Nora.

"This is not to be your room," she said, angrily. "I won't have you in this room, watching me and prying into all my secrets! I won't have it, I tell you!" and she brought down her thin, yellow hand upon the table with unnecessary vehemence.

"I have no wish to discover your secrets," said Nora, recoiling.

"It's a lie!" screamed the woman, with an insane glitter in her eyes. "Haven't I seen you watching me? Don't I know you would give your right hand to learn what is hidden in that cabinet yonder? But I shall not tell you. No, no. Never! It would not answer. I shall keep its secrets for myself alone—myself alone! Not even Roland shall be told."

A low, cunning laugh gurgled over her lips. Turning abruptly, she crossed the apartment, and must have touched a spring ingeniously hidden in the wall, for a door flew open—a door where Nora had seen only the blank surface of the wall.

"This is your nest, birdie," she said, beckoning with her long, bony fingers. "Here you will lie snug and warm. And here you will be in no danger of stumbling upon 'my secret. Go in, deary, go in."

Nora obeyed, and entered this second apartment. Mrs. Saltonstall thrust in a lamp after her, and then abruptly closed the door of communication.

Nora found herself in a small, plainly-furnished chamber. A comfortable bed stood in one corner. There were a few chairs, a desk, and a hanging shelf pretty well loaded with books. This was all.

The only window was in the roof, high up, far beyond her reach; the only door that by which she had entered, and to this there was neither knob or latch. The instant it was closed, she no longer felt sure of its precise locality. It was as invisible on this side of the wall as it had been upon the other.

Nora waited and listened a long while. But nothing occurred to disturb her, and at last she threw herself upon the bed, and fell almost instantly into the deep sleep of exhaustion.

Mrs. Saltonstall brought her meals to her the next day. But the strange, haggard creature was less communicative than she had been at first. Nobody else came nigh her. Roland must be away, or had too good sense to vex her with his presence.

So another night passed, and a second day dawned.

Nora waited in vain for Mrs. Saltonstall to make her appearance, this morning. She heard a good deal of muttering and moving about in the adjoining apartment, but no other sounds. And at last a strange silence fell.

Finally it grew oppressive—this deep stillness. Nora could bear it no longer. She started up with a desperate purpose in her heart.

"I wonder if I could find the secret spring, and so let myself out of this horrible place?" she thought. "Of course the door must open from this side as well as the other. I can try—I must try! I should go mad if I sat here inactive."

It was a difficult task she had set herself to accomplish. For a long while she sounded the wall in vain; but at last something seemed to recoil under the pressure of her fingers—there was a sharp, clicking noise, and the door flew open.

She passed quickly through. For an instant she thought the second room was unoccupied; then her gaze fell upon the tumbled figure of a woman, lying upon the shabby sofa in one corner.

It was Mrs. Saltonstall, Nora went up to her. She had a dark, dirty pipe in her mouth, and the room was full of a strange odor. Nora grew sick in the stifling atmosphere; but she bent over the woman, afraid that she might be dead, for all the tell-tale pipe.

Not so. Strange, spasmodic shudders ran all over that reclining figure. Her lips parted in an insane laugh. She opened her eyes a little way, and raised her head.

"I was dreaming," she muttered, looking angrily at Nora; "oh such sweet, beautiful dreams! How dare you come here to waken me? Go away! Let me sleep and dream again!"

She did not manifest the least surprise at seeing Nora there beside her. All her senses seemed to be steeped in semi-oblivion by the drug to which she had enslaved herself.

Nora comprehended the meaning of this strange scene at last. This yellow, haggard creature was an opium-eater! She was taking the drug now in its most deleterious form.

After a brief silence, during which she puffed vainly at the pipe—from which the fire must have gone out some time before—the woman raised her head again.

"I dream," she said, maudlinly, "such delightful dreams! He, Douglas Vaughn, is with me. His words of endearment are in my ears. I feel his arms about me once again."

Nora shrank shudderingly away; but she could not help listening.

"There he is," mutters the dreamer. "His bonnie young wife is by his side this time. Ha! ha! That is not a pleasant vision. But it will vanish. I shall see sweeter ones by and by."

A silence and then she went on.

"There he is again. Alone! How divinely he smiles upon me. This is real—there is nothing visionary this time. His eyes are alight with love."

Her voice died away. After some wild, unmeaning gestures, she started up again.

"Who are all those creatures that come gibbering out of the corners yonder? Who are they?" she shrieked. "They come to mock me. They come to steal away the only solace left me. Keep them away, for God's sake keep them away!"

She flung herself back upon the sofa, her stupid, yellow eyes glaring horribly. After a little the paroxysm seemed to pass away. She grew quiet, except for the spasmodic twitchings that shook all her frame.

Nora turned away, disgusted and faint. She crossed to the door opening upon the passage. It was locked.

The key! It must be in the room. She looked all round, without seeing it. Was it in the woman's pocket?

A film was dancing before her eyes; a hard, heavy hand seemed to be pressing upon her brain. She knew what this meant. She must get out of the room quickly, or fall in a dead faint beside that wretched creature upon the sofa.

Anything but that—anything but that!

She drew nearer the woman—fighting bravely with the great terror that was knocking at her heart and creeping among the roots of her hair. She leaned over her, sick and shivering, and moved her a little that she might reach the pocket of the shabby dress she had on.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Mrs. Saltonstall glared up at her from out those blood-shotten eyes. She moved her hand backward and forward, as if warding off some persistent enemy, all the while muttering a deal of senseless jargon to herself.

"They mean to kill me! That's what they're after! I can see their claws! Ah! it's the young wife. I might have known. Of, course she will hate me. Ha! ha! How nice to have a confidential little chat with her."

Nora could have endured no more. She was shrinking away in utter despair when her fingers touched something hard, metallic. She whipped it out like lightning. It was the key for which she was searching.

Just in time to prevent her from fainting—from falling helpless upon the floor. She made a dart for the door and fitted it in the lock. It turned noiselessly. She let herself out into the passage, not daring once to glance behind her at the senseless figure upon the old sofa. She fell against the rough stair-railings, trembling all over.

At last she roused herself sufficiently to slip down into the street. The cool, fresh air blew upon her pale face. It stirred the frozen blood in her veins. It sent a faint color into her haggard cheeks.

She had put on her hat and scarf before leaving the bed-room. For this she now felt devoutly thankful. She would never have had the strength or the courage to go back for them.

After a little she grew braver—more like herself. The bonds of horror in which she had been held, were burst asunder. Her brain cleared, and resumed its usual activity.

Afraid to linger near that accursed spot, she set off upon a run. Some ragged boys, playing in the gutter, shouted and hooted after her. But she did not mind them in the least.

After traversing three or four streets, doubling corners blindly here and there, only anxious that no trail should be left by which Roland Dane or that horrible woman could track her, an empty cab came rattling up behind her.

She stopped it.

"Where to, ma'am?" said the man, jumping down from his box to open the door.

She hesitated. Where could she go? She longed to be among friends—with those who could counsel and advise her. But what friend had she in all that great city?

Like an inspiration came the thought of Mrs. Churchill, and that elegant little villa on the Harlem road, where Major Vaughn had found her. She would go to her.

She gave her directions in an eager, trembling voice that betrayed something of the agony and torture through which she had passed. The cabman stared at her rather curiously; but he lifted her to a seat, and drove off.

Nora now found a little time to reflect. Her thoughts went back, in spite of herself, to the incoherent mutterings of the woman who called herself Mrs. Saltonstall, and yet claimed to be Major Vaughn's wife.

What did her wild raving mean? She had certainly known the banker, sometime in the past. There could be no doubt of that. What relation had they really borne to each other?

Not that of man and wife. Nora was sure of it. Major Vaughn was too good, too noble, to have deceived her so shamefully. She could not, for an instant, entertain such a dreadful suspicion of him.

At last the cab reached its destination. By this time it was noon, for the drive had been a very long one. Nora got out, and paid the cabman his fare—which was very exorbitant, indeed—and, opening the little wicket, passed into a gravel-walk that led across the well-kept lawn, up to the door of Mrs. Churchill's little villa.

Mrs. Churchill was reading the morning papers, but she started out of her chair with a loud ejaculation at sight of her unexpected visitor.

"Good gracious! It can't really be yourself in flesh and blood, Miss Verlorne—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Vaughn?"

"Yes," said Nora, kissing her hostess' pretty pink cheeks. "I have come back to you again."

Mrs. Churchill returned the embrace, murmured half a dozen endearing epithets, and then suddenly retreated, with a perplexed expression upon her comely features.

"I don't understand it," she stammered. "Why are you here at such a time?"

"At such a time?" echoed Nora, somewhat vacantly.

"Yes, my dear. Pardon me for saying it, but I do think your place is not here, but elsewhere, just now."

"You don't want me here," she cried, bursting into tears. "I see very plainly you do not. I might have known better than to come. Everybody's heart is closed at once against a person in trouble."

Mrs. Churchill's perplexity seemed to increase at this outburst. She looked almost ready to cry herself.

"Don't dou't, my dear," and she pulled Nora's hands away from her face, and kissed her wet cheeks. "I can't bear to see you weep; and as for not being wanted, you are as welcome as the sunlight. That is not what I meant."

"What did you mean?"

"I may speak my mind freely, and you will not be offended?"

"As freely as you please."

"I could not help thinking it very strange then that you should not be at your husband's bedside while he is so ill."

Nora started as if she had been struck. A ghastly whiteness overspread her face.

"Ill?" she cried out sharply. "Douglas ill?"

"Did you not know it? That is very strange."

"Ill?" Nora repeated, sinking into a chair. "Oh, my God! this is the hardest blow of all."

At last she roused herself. Stretching out her poor, trembling hand, she laid it upon Mrs. Churchill's.

"Who told you?" she said, in a faint whisper. "How did you know of this?"

"I read it there," pointing to the paper she had dropped when Nora entered.

"Let me see the paper."

Mrs. Churchill quickly picked it up, and gave it to Nora, with one finger upon the particular paragraph.

The letters grew blurred before Nora's eyes. She could not make out a single word.

"Read it," she gasped; "I cannot."

The mention of Major Vaughn's illness was very brief. Mrs. Churchill read it aloud. It ran thus:

"*Just as we go to press, we learn that Major Douglas Vaughn, a prominent Wall street banker, has been taken violently ill at his country seat near the Hudson. It is feared by his friends that the disease may terminate fatally.*"

Nora sat as if stunned, slowly turning into stone. She scarcely breathed, and the few gasps she did give almost choked her. The grim hand of despair had seized upon her heart.

"Lost! all is lost!" she moaned at last. "Perhaps, it is better so. This is a weary world. But, thank God, in the next he will know my truth—my husband will believe in me, will trust me there."

She seemed to brighten at the thought. A ghastly smile flickered over her lips.

"I must go to him," she murmured, trying to rise. "All the bad men in the world shall not keep me from his side at such a time. He will not banish me again. I must go to him."

She dropped back into her chair, faint and sick. She would have fallen but for Mrs. Churchill's supporting arms.

"Not yet, dear," pleaded the good woman, her tears falling fast. "You are not fit to go anywhere at present. You must stay here with me until you are better."

She wheeled up a lounge presently, and laid Nora upon it as though she had been a tired child. She could not help guessing that something dreadful had happened.

"Now lie there, my poor dear," she said, "and I will bring you some tea and toast. When you are rested and stronger, you shall tell me all your trouble, and we will see what can be done."

She went bustling from the room. Nora lay with her face hidden in the cushions, thinking, thinking. It seemed hours to her before Mrs. Churchill came back again—as if she had lived an age of torture and pain.

She ate and drank eagerly.

"I must grow strong again," she kept repeating in earnest, pitiful tones. "I must grow strong, or I cannot go to him."

At last, with her head resting upon Mrs. Churchill's bosom, she told her story. That good woman listened with rapt attention.

"My poor child," she said, when she knew all. "I never heard the like! You have been the victim of the most infamous plot that was ever conceived by a villain's brain. You did right to come to me in your trouble."

"But I cannot stay," said Nora, earnestly. "I cannot stay now that my husband is so ill."

"You *must* stay until we can determine what is best to be done," returned Mrs. Churchill, decidedly. "If you were to go to Rosewood now, you would be refused admittance, most likely, and only fall into the clutches of the wretch from whom you have just escaped. Try to be calm, my dear, and we will soon arrange some plan by which you can see your husband. Now I am going to leave you again. If you could sleep a few hours, it would be the best thing you could do."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

News of Interest

SPAIN has had forty governments in forty years.

ON an average, seventeen infants are accidentally suffocated every week in London.

JUST think of it! England exported, last year, 3,603,000,000 yards of cotton cloth, equal to nearly 2,047,460 miles.

THE "porter to the great seal," the functionary who operates the great seal of England, uses four hundredweight of wax per month.

THE increase of the population of the city of San Francisco during the past year was 25,000, and more than 2,000 new buildings were erected.

THE total receipts of the trans-Atlantic steamship companies plying between New York and Europe were only $30,153,885 in 1874, against $57,577,250 in 1873, a decrease of $27,423,365.

MORE than 3,000,000 women, exclusive of servants, are working for wages in Great Britain. A vigorous movement is on foot in London for the organization of trades societies among them.

SCARLET fever and yellow fever are well known, and most people know what it is to have the "blues," but it has remained for the doctors of Paramint, Cal., to discover a "green fever."

THE number of persons employed in American breweries is 1,138; in malt houses, 9,566; in barley culture, 33,753; in hop culture, 8,020, and the total employed in all these branches amounts to 20,477.

A SKATERS' game of base ball, on the Hudson river, was interrupted recently by the parting of the floe, the pitcher, the second base and the field going one way, and the catcher and the first and third base the other.

THE winter of 1741 was famous throughout New England as much colder than any which had preceded it. The snow, which covered the whole country as early as the 13th of November, was still found the next April covering the fences.

RUSSIA is trying on a large scale the experiment of educating women for the medical profession. Two hundred and forty young women from different parts of the empire are now students at a medical school in St. Petersburg, each in a four years' course.

AMONG the many strange articles sent by mail, under the new package postal law, is a box of fried oysters. This was sent the other day from Baltimore, Md., to Macon, Ga., by a fond husband to his doting wife, and caused no little joy upon its arrival.

A FUNNY story is told of two Vermont farmers who are not grangers. They induced their wives to join and report before they would commit themselves. Now, when they will, they cannot; two black balls greet every application. Meanwhile the wives go regularly and triumphantly to every grange meeting, and the men stay at home and tend the babies.

OF the 178,356 men composing the British Regular Army, 10,724 cannot read or write. The Prussian draft of 1873–74 for the army of the German Empire numbered 83,333 young men, of whom 3,324 had no education whatever. The recruits for the Austro-Hungarian army numbered 91,531 young men, of whom 51,514 were not able to read and write. Thus, one British soldier in every seventeen, one Prussian soldier in every twenty-five, and one Austrian soldier in every two, is entirely ignorant of the elements of education.

BREATHING THROUGH THE MOUTH.—The pernicious habit of breathing through the mouth while sleeping or waking is very hurtful. There are many persons who sleep with the mouth open, and do not know it. They may go to sleep with it closed and awake with it closed; but if the mouth is dry and parched on waking, it is a sign that the mouth has been open during the sleep. Snoring is a certain sign. This habit should be overcome. At all times, except when eating, drinking, or speaking, keep the mouth firmly closed, and breathe through the nostrils, and retire with a firm determination to conquer. The nostrils are the proper breathing apparatus, not the mouth.

WEIGHT AND HEIGHT OF AMERICANS.—According to a recent work of Mr. B. A. Gould, Actuary to the United States Sanitary Commission, in which some very interesting figures relative to soldiers in the last war are given, it appears that the American nation, instead of being degenerate and inferior to the European race in point of physical perfection, is far the reverse. The figures adduced show that "the tallest men were from Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin; the next tallest, New England, New York, New Jersey; and the shortest from Scotland, England, Germany." In weight, the men of Kentucky and Tennessee were the heaviest, averaging 150 pounds; England, Scotland, France, Belgium, all between 138 and 139 pounds. The ratio of weight to stature gave in pounds to the inch: Ohio and Western States, 2.185; New England, 2.121; England and Scotland, 2.118; Germany, 2.108.

A MERCENARY GHOST.—A supernatural incident is said to have occurred in the wilds of Kerry, a short time since. It seems that a woman residing in Glenflesk received a call from the spirit of her husband, a "man of the farming class, dressed in a shroud and white stockings and gloves." The farmer in white gloves stated that since his death, some months back, although he ought to be in heaven, he was detained elsewhere on account of owing a sum of £15 to friends of his, and he begged of his wife to give him the money. The woman in full faith handed him £10, and promised to give him the rest in a few days if he came for it. Meanwhile, she went and told the priest the circumstances of the case, and this gentleman, seeing the fraud, made proper preparations to receive the poacher of the ecclesiastical manor. When the ghost, in complete burial costume, arrived for the bank-note, he was at once received by a couple of police, and proved, as ghosts do in our day, to be a mere pretender. He will now have to answer for his misconduct before a magistrate.

"Children's Lives Saved for 50 Cents."

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The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821 1871
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.

Robt. Jarvis C. Walker,
Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, March 13, 1875.

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CRITICISM.

Should anybody salute the above heading with the epithet "Stupid!" and the remark that "Criticism is the business of those people in newspaper offices who are paid to influence advertisements," we reply, in the words of that eminent legal practitioner, Samson Borassi, "Wait a bit."

In the first place, there is much less trade in criticism than the world outside supposes; and, secondly, the cultivation of correct critical power is far more essential than hundreds of unthinking people consider it.

At the same time it is true that, although every critic need not be a journalist, every journalist should be a critic, and the art of criticism, which it is his professional duty to understand, may be cited to exemplify that which, according to their various vocations, other people should make it their business to master. The same principles govern all kinds of criticism, from that which has to do with a new society drama up to that which deals with the dramas of real life, enacted by one's neighbors. To limit the term to judgments upon art and literature were to cramp and cripple it, even as it applies to the work of the journalist. He is compelled by his avocation to study and explain the events of every day, the actions and probable motives of every public man, and of all gatherings and combinations of men; the merits of every invention; the worth of every discovery; the aspect of every situation of affairs, financial, social, political or religious; in brief, every detail of the world's history as it is written for him, day after day, by the electric wire. What is a leading article but a *critique* on some one or more of such details? And how, save by such writings, are the people who have no time for studies so comprehensive, enabled to form intelligent judgments about events in which they may one day be personally interested. To prepare for this work demands severe labor; and such preparation, implying a mastery of every subject of criticism, and a thorough familiarity with its standards, is but half the battle.

Suppose the judgment formed; it has still to be expressed, and so expressed as to concentrate the attention, convince the understanding, and content the moral sense of thousands of readers, otherwise the editorial fails of its purpose, and the "fourth estate" ceases to be the teacher of the people.

Now, just what the journalist is bound to do by his business principles, in forming and publishing his judgments upon men and things, other people are constantly called upon to do in the successive situations of common life.

To criticise is not to censure, an idea frequently confounded with it; but to discern the gold in the ore, as well as the chaff in the wheat, and either to convey to others how closely a given production or action approaches, and how far it deviates from the standard of correctness, or else to act upon such knowledge silently for one's own benefit. As an illustration, take the short and easy rule of taste in so common a matter as dress. Does everybody know that the law is simply that: A graceful garment is one which harmonizes with the outlines of the body.

Look at that gentleman and lady over the way. Do you suppose that those two people have ever stopped to criticize their costly raiment, according to the one immutable canon of such criticism? Never! So far from knowing what the law of taste in costume is, Alphonse and Amanda do not know what their own garments are. Her hat is a heap of rubbish. Her dress is fashioned, not in harmony with her own back, but with that of a camel. Should a second hump ever appear to match the first—never mind, dromedaries have no rights. Her escort is a mere combination of stove-pipes, and the black cylinder which crowns that manly brow, not only has been so-called, but so resembles one, that it disappoints you not to see the smoke of his cigar curl gracefully up from it. And here too is another case for criticism in common life. His cigar! Ghost of King Jamie! Does Alphonse know anything about standards of taste on the one hand, and the object of general and not complimentary criticism by half the people he meets, on the other, that he parades the street not only surrounding Amanda with a poisoned cloud, but publicly proclaiming that her dull society drives him for solace to his partagas! And the lady, is she wiser than he if she permits this? Permits it? Yes; and pretends to like it.

But enough has, perhaps, been said, to indicate the countless ways in which true critical ability may prove important in common life. It only remains, therefore, to hint that self-criticism, being the most difficult branch of the accomplishment, is that which needs chiefly to be recommended as worthy of popular cultivation.

Rev. Wm. Badger, D. D.

PREMIUMS EXTRAORDINARY!

UNITED STATES

CENTENNIAL MEDALS.

1776 1876

As we briefly announced last week, we have perfected arrangements by which we are enabled to offer these valuable Centennial Medals as premiums to those procuring subscriptions for the Post, on the most liberal terms.

We feel assured that these Medals will be eagerly sought after, as they cannot fail to be interesting souvenirs to every patriotic American citizen, commemorating, as they do, the

ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF OUR COUNTRY.

They are struck at the United States Mint in Philadelphia, are executed in the very highest style of art, and are of four different kinds, each enclosed in a handsome case. Being struck under a Special Act of Congress, there can be no imitations of these medals, the law making the imitating of them a crime punishable as the counterfeiting United States coins. The design of the "Obverse," represents on all the Genius of American Independence, rising from a recumbent position, grasping with her right hand the sword which is to enforce her demands, and raising her left, in appealing pride to the galaxy of thirteen stars, indicating the original Colonies. The "Reverse" displays the Genius of Liberty, with sword buckled to her girdle, at rest. With either hand she extends a welcome and a chaplet to the Arts and Sciences assembled, with evidences of their skill and craft, to do honor to the Centennial.

That the Centennial International Exhibition of 1876 is an assured success, there is now not the shadow of a doubt. Nearly all the Great Powers of the Old World have cordially accepted the invitation of the United States Government, and our own country is thoroughly roused and determined that it shall prove a success. In order that every one may be able to possess one of these Centennial Medals, we make the following offer:

1 Gilt Medal (size 1¾ in.) for every 2 Subscriptions at $3.00 each, or 5 Subscribers at $2.50 each.
1 Large Bronze Medal (size 2¼ in.) for every 4 Subscriptions at $3.00 each, or 9 Subscribers at $2.50 each.
1 Solid Silver Medal (size 1¾ in.) for every 6 Subscriptions at $3.00 each, or 12 Subscribers at $2.50 each.
1 Large Gilt Medal (size 2¼ in.) for every 12 Subscriptions at $3.00, or 24 Subscribers at $2.50 each.
All of the above Four Medals, very handsomely mounted, in one velvet and morocco case, for every 20 Subscribers at $3.00 each, or 40 Subscribers at $2.50 each.

Sent securely packed to any address, postage prepaid. Remittances should be made in Post Office Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

A Gift to Every Purchaser of Number 34!

A Beautiful Supplement!

With Next Week's Number of the Saturday Evening Post, we shall present each one of our readers with a copy of

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING,
[Size 13 by 10¼ Inches.]

showing the Buildings now in the course of erection for the

1776 United States International Exhibition. 1876

To be held at Philadelphia—opening April 19th, and closing October 19th, 1876.

On the same plate, we give the

MAIN BUILDING
AND
THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND ART GALLERY BUILDING.

And also FAC SIMILE OF CENTENNIAL MEDAL issued by the Centennial Board of Finance.

This officially correct representation will give to all our readers a true idea of the magnitude and grandeur of the Centennial Buildings. The picture is so well executed as to be worthy of being framed and preserved.

Any one unable to procure the Post from News dealers can obtain No. 34, with the above described engraving, post-paid direct from this office, on receipt of ten cents.

A NEW STORY IN NUMBER 34!

THE RENEGADE CHIEF!
OR,
THE TRAIL OF THE SCARLET SEVEN!

A ROMANCE OF THE FATAL MARCH.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES HOWARD.

Few events in the Colonial history of our Country possess more romantic interest than the story of the ill-fated Expedition under Major General Braddock in the year 1755, against the French and Indians.

It was during this memorable march that Washington, who served as aid-de-camp to the British Commander, first displayed that courage, coolness and remarkable judgment, which so signally characterized his subsequent career.

In the opening chapters of

THE RENEGADE CHIEF,

Captain Howard vividly depicts the thrilling scenes of the battle, at which several of the important characters of the story were present either as spectators or participants.

The fidelity and heroism of Christopher Gist, the Scout, Washington's early friend; the courtship of Lieutenant Dumas of the French army; the faith and devotion of beautiful Kate Seymour, "Snow Bird," the Renegade's daughter; the fatal love and jealousy of Leona, the Delaware chief's daughter; and the cruelties of the Mysterious Scarlet Seven, combine to produce a story of extraordinary interest.

LITTLE SAND-BARS.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

Full of sand-bars is life's ocean:
And he who clear of all would steer
Must be a careful engineer.

Daily, hourly, we're in danger
Of going adrift, against a rift,
That we see when the waters lift.

Little troubles, little sand-bars
Under the wave, to try the brave,
And teach us not in vain God gave

To souls a patient energy.
Avoid the bars! look to your spars!
That naught your true direction mars.

Bring your ship safe to the harbor!
The voyage o'er, safe to the shore!
Where troubles, sand-bars, are no more.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

BY FREDERICK S. MILLS.

One of the brightest pictures ever limned upon the broad canvas of life, is that of an innocent young girl who has perfect faith in the beneficial result of strong endeavor—performing her daily duty cheerfully, uncomplainingly.

Such a one was gentle Lottie Wren. She had been an orphan ever since she could remember. One of those lonely flowers so often seen amid a wilderness of weeds. She was only a factory girl—a careful, well-practiced employee, who sometimes acted as forewoman in the absence of her principal. At others sinking into her accustomed place, and suffusing a genial ray of bright contentment through the dark, dull, dismal work-room.

In the background of our picture there were darker shades. Lottie's bright face and happy nature provoked the jealousy of a far less favored few. Effie Manderville was proud of her superior beauty, but she spoiled it with gaudy finery and brilliant coloring, which contrasted unfavorably with Lottie's graceful neatness; hence Effie hated the "simple little thing," as she called her, because she always seemed to have a power of attraction, wanting in herself, no matter how enticingly she, Effie, laid herself out to captivate mankind.

When Charlie Warrilow, who had been Effie's lover, became tired of her senseless and capricious ways, and transferred his attentions to the orphan Lottie, every one whispered that harm would come of it.

Whatever Effie's feelings were, she carefully disguised them, and proffered her friendship to the "simple little thing," and contrived always to work near to her, so that she might speak of Charlie, and warn her of his known deceitfulness.

But Lottie didn't much heed the warning; she thought she would like to be Charlie Warrilow's wife if he should ever need her, and if he did not, why then she could work, as she had always done, and no one need know of the utter loneliness of her life.

At last Charlie Warrilow proposed; and then the climax came.

Lottie was very happy; no thought of treachery had entered her generous mind.

Effie congratulated her, and said nothing of her own disappointment, but her companions knew that she must suffer greatly.

Her suffering was no longer that of unrequited love. It was the agony of impassioned, jealous hate.

One evening, to Lottie's great surprise, Effie came up to her with a smile, and inquired for the first time about Charlie.

"Take a walk with him mostly in the evening, I suppose?" she said.

"Not every evening," said Lottie, bashfully.

"To-night?"

"No; not to-night."

"Take care," said her rival, pointedly, "perhaps he may grow tired of your company just as he tired of mine."

"He respects you, I am sure," said Lottie.

"I don't need his respect," said Effie, haughtily. "Good night."

The two girls passed out of the warehouse, and took separate ways. Effie to her own home, where she carefully changed the dress she wore for one the exact counterpart of Lottie's walking dress.

Then she exchanged her jaunty, coquettish-looking hat for a bonnet trimmed just as Lottie's was, and threw a shawl across her shoulders—just such another shawl as Lottie sometimes wore.

"I shall pass for her very well in the dusk of the evening," she murmured, exultingly, and sallied forth to keep an appointment with a new lover.

* * * * *

"Lottie," said Charlie Warrilow next evening, "who was that gentleman you were with last night?"

"Gentleman, Charlie?" said Lottie, wonderingly. "I was not with any one. I did not leave the house."

"But I saw you, Lottie. You passed me twice or thrice. I even crossed the road to meet you, but you avoided me. Why, you were dressed exactly as you now are, Lottie——"

"There is some mistake, I——"

"There can be no mistake. You are deceiving me, Miss Wren."

* * * * *

It was soon known, for ill news travels apace, that Lottie Wren's engagement had been broken.

Many were the sympathizers who offered her their condolements, for Lottie was respected everywhere.

"I told you, didn't I?" said Effie Manderville; "I said he would tire of your company, you little simple."

But the question uppermost in Effie's mind was in what manner could she dispose of the quiet wardrobe that lay at the bottom of her drawer?

The trouble was, her new lover, Archie Blake had greatly admired her taste upon the only occasion she had ever worn the dainty, demure costume.

Next night he seemed to be vexed because she had changed her mind and returned to the gay furbelows of former times.

It would never do to lose another lover on account of Lottie Wren.

She could wear the costume on one more occasion surely; then, perhaps, Archie would permit her to consult her own taste in such matters.

So into the drawer went the hat and feather, and out came the quiet dress and the detestable bonnet and shawl.

By this time Charlie Warrilow had repented of his haste in breaking with Lottie for a first offence. Surely her conduct was capable of some explanation?

Yet why did she avoid him? and why did she persist that she had not left home that night?

The treachery that had caused the rupture was the means of its discovery.

It was fated that he should, for the second time, meet Effie Manderville in her masquerade attire.

Upon this occasion she was alone—not yet having met with Mr. Blake.

"Lottie," said Warrilow, penitently, "forgive me."

The supposed Lottie passed him very quickly, almost with a run.

He was not long in catching up to her, however.

"You shall not treat me thus," he said, half passionately, placing his arm around her to detain her.

"Heavens, it is not Lottie!" then recovering himself, he added, sarcastically, "Good evening, Miss Manderville. You will pardon me, I am sure, for mistaking you for another, whose taste in dress you have so plainly imitated."

* * * * *

Half an hour later, a penitent held Lottie's hand in his, and next day two loving hearts were made as one.

PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

FASTING AND FEASTING.

The custom of having regular hours for meals is peculiar to civilization. It is only possible where food is abundant and accessible, and it is most necessary among those who are the most sensitive, delicate, and nervous. The savage can go for days without anything to eat, and then can, without injury, gorge himself like a boa-constrictor. The old Highlanders originally had but one meal, and afterwards two meals, daily. In England, several centuries ago, among the "great families" there were four meals daily—breakfast at seven, dinner at ten, supper at four, and "livery," corresponding to modern "tea," at eight or nine o'clock. They sat at dinner three hours—from ten till one in the afternoon. In Thibet there are no regular meals. The family never assemble, but "eat when they are hungry, and drink when they are dry." Like the North American Indians, they eat out of a huge pot in which the meat is boiled, each one snatching what he wants.

Eating for the refined gratification of the taste *per se*, is peculiar to high culture. The civilized man who undertakes to imitate the savage in these alternations of fasting and feasting, would soon bring his wretched existence to an end, for no fact of hygiene is better recognized than that.

The ancient Romans had but two meals daily—dinner and supper. The dinner, or *prandium*, was taken in a standing position, at nine o'clock, and usually consisted of the remnants of the supper of the previous day. The supper, or *cœna*, the great meal of the day, was taken about three or four o'clock in the afternoon. This consisted of three parts—a *gustus*, to sharpen the appetite, as raw oysters, on the shell, are used in our day; the *caput cœnæ*, made of a variety of courses; and the *mensa secunda*, or dessert, consisting of pastry and fruits. On these dinners enormous and fabulous sums were expended.

The great majority of the leading thinkers and actors of the world—the philosophers, writers, orators, legislators, warriors, inventors, and creators of new eras in every department of human thought—have fed their brains with a greater or less abundance and variety of animal as well as vegetable food. We have in biography and general observation sufficient data from which to form a satisfactory and reliable opinion. Goethe was a vigorous performer at the table, and even to an active old age retained his fondness for good dishes. Says Lewis, his biographer: "His appetite was immense. Even on the days when he complained of not being hungry, he ate much more than most men. Puddings, sweets, and cakes were always welcome. He was fond of his wine, and drank daily his two or three bottles." On that diet, and amid great literary activity, prolonged to extreme age, he lived to see his eighty-third year. Of Peter the Great, Marmontel says that "he dined at eleven o'clock, and supped at eight; an astonishing eater and drinker—two bottles of beer, the same quantity of wine, half a bottle, and sometimes a whole one, of brandy, at each of his two meals, were scarcely sufficient for him, without reckoning the liquors and refreshments that he swallowed in the intervals." Dr. Johnson was a gormandizer, and, when indulging in his favorite dishes, this great Mogul of literature displayed his eagerness by manifestations of satisfaction that we supposed to be peculiar to children and some of the lower animals. When Charles Lamb lived at a boarding-house, he sometimes invited friends to dine with him, paying the landlady a small sum. He observed that when Wordsworth dined with him, the landlady charged a sixpence more, and one day remonstrated with her on the injustice of such discriminations, at the same time adding that Wordsworth was a great poet. "Don't know about the great poet," replied the landlady, "but I know he is a great eater."

Among the principal laws of diet that have been established by experience, and more or less explained and confirmed by chemical and physiological science, are these: 1. The appetite, with all its liabilities to error, is, under the guidance of individual experience, the best guide we have in determining the quality and the quantity of our food. 2. The food should be generous, both in quantity and quality, and there should be an agreeable variety, not only from week to week, and day to day, but at each principal meal. 3. The quantity, the quality, and the variety of food must be modified by race, climate, season, age, sex, occupation, habit, and the progress of civilization. 4. The principal meals should be taken with tolerable regularity, and in calmness and leisure, and amid agreeable social surroundings.

The *first* law is so natural that we may well wonder that it has taken us so long to find it out. If the object of food be to supply the waste of the system; if, without this supply, the body grows thin and weak, and in a few days must die; if the amount of work that the body can perform is proportioned to the food that is digested; and if the object of appetite is to inform us that the system needs food, then, surely it must be, on the whole, with all its liabilities to disease and error, the best guide in determining what and how much we are to eat. No one should long go hungry.

MRS. HESTER A. BENEDICT.

We take pleasure in announcing to our readers that next week we shall commence a very interesting series, entitled SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES, from the pen of this talented lady.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

In judging of people by their belongings, the pocket-handkerchief gives a wonderful clue. A hat is not wholly without a kind of human expression. It puts on something of its wearer's manner; it may be pert, grave, or apologetic. One has been seen before this, the very turn-up of whose brim insulted every other hat within sight in the street. Now and again a coat is met with that has something decidedly characteristic in its wrinkles. Boots betray disposition; they turn up at the toes and sway down at the heels, till you could identify their owners from them. But the pocket-handkerchief is the visible embodiment of its user. Watch a man handling it, and you know his character at once.

To some nervous men the pocket-handkerchief is really a sort of other self. They are forever putting it forward; they move about behind it; they pass through the world partly under cover of it. It is a semi-disguise, a shelter, without which they could do nothing comfortably. Have they to enter a room, out comes the pocket-handkerchief, and the first thing visible of their entrance is its appearing through the doorway. If they talk with you, the pocket-handkerchief is sure to be produced; and, during the talk, it is perpetually coming and going, fluttering about between you, taking a large part in the conversation. As a rule, these are somewhat amiable folks. Another very different class there is who effectively display their harsher dispositions by continually ill-using their pocket-handkerchiefs. If they have to put them into their pockets, they crush them in; if they have to pull them out, they drag them forth. They savagely crumple them up, they positively make hard balls of them, or else they will shake them out with a flip that gives a loud crack.

Others will weakly betray their characters by a neglect of their pocket-handkerchiefs. At times they allow the unappreciated article to draggle out of a tail-pocket, part way to their heels, limp, helpless, ruined; or they may show no signs whatever of having such a treasure, it being buried away at the very bottom of a pocket. Or they will let it drop loose from the hand on seat or floor, actually losing it. A man who exhibits such a want of appreciation of a pocket-handkerchief as this is not to be relied upon. He will just as easily pass over, forget, or drop you. A different kind of man there is, who, without being either a tyrant or a slighter of his pocket-handkerchief, is never upon good terms with it. A perpetual tiff seems to exist between them; they are always visibly at cross-purposes. The handkerchief will not come out as it ought to do; it will not unfold properly; it will not go into the pocket again without compulsion. But worse than any and all of these, a few inexplicable people are to be met with who produce their pocket-handkerchiefs hesitatingly from unexpected places about them, and use them hastily, apologetically huddling the pocket-handkerchief away out of sight, as if ashamed of being seen with it.

SMALL FEET OF CHINESE WOMEN.

The diminutive feet of the women of China was long regarded as a national peculiarity, asserted to be of natural growth, and has thus been a wonder in the books of travelers, but by our less restricted intercourse with China the secret has been let out. There were certain small-footed ladies at Hong Kong who gained a very fair livelihood by exhibiting their feet to sea captains and other curious Europeans, at a dollar a head, and the evidence satisfied a superficial examination and belief. But it appears that in the missionary schools may be seen numbers of little girls whose feet are in the various stages of torture, as narrated by a visitor who had the opportunity of witnessing what he has well described. On an appointed day the children were all seated in a row, and their feet, which had undergone a preparatory washing, were unbound by their mothers. The first was a child of two years old. Her penance had but just commenced. When the bandage of blue cotton was taken off it was seen that the great toe had been left untouched, but the other four had been forced down under the ball of the foot, and closely bound in that position. The child, therefore, walked upon the knuckle joints of her four toes. The toes were red and inflamed, and the ligature caused evident pain. In the next three children, of ages advancing at small intervals, the preparation was only to the same extent; it was confined to the four toes. Gradually, however, these four toes, according to the continual pressure, lost their articulation and identity as limbs, and became amalgamated with the sole of the foot. In the eldest of the four the redness and inflammation had entirely disappeared; the foot was cool and painless, and appeared as though the four toes had been cut off by a knife. The foot was somewhat of the shape of a trowel.

In the fifth girl was seen the commencement of the second operation—a torture under which sickly children frequently die. The sole of the foot was now curved into the shape of a bow; the great toe and the heel being brought together as near as possible. This is done very gradually. The bandage is never slackened; month by month it is drawn tighter. The foot inflames and swells, but the mother perseveres. As the bones and tendons accommodate themselves to the position constrained by the bandage, so it is drawn tighter. At last the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole, and the root of the great toe is brought into contact with the heel. The foot is a shapeless lump. The instep is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and to tread the ground is the ball of the great toe and the heel.

This is the small foot of the Chinese woman; a bit of toe and a bit of heel, with a mark like a cicatrice left after a huge cut, running up between them. Two of the girls seen by the narrator were yet suffering great pain, and their feet were hot and inflamed, but in the eldest the operation was complete. She had attained to the position of a small-footed woman, and her feet were quite cool, had no corns, and were not tender to the touch. One of the mothers solved the mystery. Sometimes, it seems, when a woman is expected to have to do hard work, her toe and heel are not drawn together so as to produce the true "small foot." To disguise this imperfection upon her marriage day she has recourse to art. A piece of cork, shaped like an inverted sugarloaf, is strapped on to her foot, and the small part goes into her slipper, and passes for her foot.

FAIRIES' COLUMN
FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

THE LITTLE GREEN MEN OF THE FOREST.

Many years ago little Daisy Bell lived in a house on the edge of a forest, with her grandfather. Daisy loved her grandpapa dearly, and no wonder, for he was a jolly old gentleman, with bright blue eyes that twinkled with merriment, soft, snow-white hair, and the kindest heart in the world.

Daisy herself was a tiny little creature, over whose golden head only five summers had passed, who was the best of friends with all the birds, squirrels, mice, toads, and even snakes, who inhabited the forest. She loved to play in the forest among the tall old trees, where her mother had sported when she was a little girl like Daisy.

There was one spot in particular where she liked to go; it was a shady glen, and unlike the rest of the forest, which was strewn with leaves, was carpeted with soft green moss, and this was kept fresh by a little brook that ran merrily through it, and although the forest was full of wild flowers, nowhere else were they in such profusion.

The birds chose this place to build their nests, the squirrels and the rabbits ran fearlessly about, and here little Daisy came to play, after she had finished her task for the day; for her grandfather did not believe in little girls playing constantly.

One day, after wearying herself with chasing the yellow butterflies, and playing Peep O! with the little birds in their nests, while the old ones sat contentedly on the branches above, and looked on, for well they knew that little Daisy Bell never harmed the smallest of them, she sat down at the foot of a tree, and leaning her head against the trunk, remained quite still for a while.

At last she heard a rustling, and looking up, she saw a large company of what she supposed at first to be the large green grasshoppers, but what she found, on looking closer, to be little men, dressed all in light green. They were bustling about, preparing their dinner; presently, by their united efforts, they brought in an immense sunflower, which they placed for a table, then unfolding a silvery table-cloth, made of a fine spider's web, they spread that upon the table. Napkins were furnished from the satin plant, the white field daisies served as plates, while the golden buttercups were used for cups. The delicate lilies of the valley were placed on the table for goblets, and the scarlet lichens for finger-glasses; the cups of the lady-slipper did service for pickle dishes; their knives, forks and spoons were made of the stamens and pistils of flowers, and seemed strong enough for their delicate viands.

The table being ready, at a signal from the chief man a number of little figures now trooped in, bringing in different dishes that were to compose the repast. There were pickled larks' tongues, humming bird steak, and minnows, fried, baked and broiled, little pink crabs, cakes and honey.

Several bees flew in and deposited honey in the strawberry blossoms which stood at each plate for preserve dishes; the little goblets were filled with dew, and mushrooms springing up around the table for seats. All was pronounced ready, when the little men, each lifting a spray of blue bells in their hands, which rang merrily, approached Daisy, and requested her to join them at their annual feast, which she did, and the little men served her with the viands with which the table was spread. After dinner, some of the little men drank wine of checkerberries, and fanned themselves with fans made of butterflies' wings, while others brought musical instruments, and played for them.

Daisy being tired now, they brought their own little beds of thistle down for her to sleep on—it took them all—and Daisy lying down, they covered her with their little coverlets made of patches of the petals of the different roses, violets and pansies, and sewed together with fine hairs, and Daisy verily believed that it was the same hair that her grandpapa threw out of the window when he had his hair cut, so that the little wrens might find it, to line their nests with.

The little men then gathered around her, singing to her in the finest little voices she ever heard, and tinkling their little blue bells, until at last she fell asleep.

When she awoke she was sitting at the foot of the old tree, and the little men and their banquet had vanished; the sun was setting, and she ran quickly home, wondering if it was all a dream. For a long time after this she went and sat under the old tree, very quiet: but she never again beheld the little green men of the forest.

The Ant and Caterpillar.

As a caterpillar was advancing very slowly along one of the alleys of a beautiful garden, he was met by a pert, lively ant, who, tossing up her head with a scornful air, cried:

"Prithee, get out of the way, thou poor creeping animal, and do not presume to obstruct the paths of thy superiors, by wriggling along the road, and besmearing the walks appropriated to their footsteps. Poor creature! thou lookest like a thing half made, which nature not liking, threw by unfinished. I could almost pity thee, methinks; but it is beneath one of my quality to talk to such mean creatures as thou art; and so, poor crawling wretch, adieu!"

The humble caterpillar, struck dumb with this disdainful language, retired, went to work, wound himself up in a silken cell, and, at the appointed time, came out a beautiful butterfly. Just as he was sallying forth, he observed the scornful ant passing by.

"Proud insect," said he, "stay a moment, and learn from the circumstances in which you now see me, never to despise any one for that condition in which providence has seen fit to place him, as there is none so mean but may one day, either in this state or in a better, be exalted above those who looked down upon him with unmerited contempt."

MORAL.—Boys of no very promising appearance often become the greatest men.

IT is not the great, the noble, the strong, that are of the most destructive nature. It was the lean kine of Egypt that became the devourers, and yet were as skinny as before.

ALL HIS OWN WAY.

Little Peter, strolling through a meadow, picked a thistle that had closed and holding it in his hand, he felt in it something kicking; and, puttting down his ear, he heard a small voice: "Let me out—oh, pray let me go!"

He had caught a fairy.

"No," said Peter; "I will not let you go unless you grant me a wish."

"If I do," answered the little one, "ten to one you will be sorry."

"That is my business," replied Peter. "Go you certainly shall not, unless you grant my wish."

"What do you want?" asked the voice.

Peter considered a moment.

"Well," he said, slowly, "this is a very uncomfortable world for little boys, I think. One is always obliged to be learning, or doing, or saying something to grow up a clergyman, a doctor, or a merchant; and I am heartily tired of it, and I want the world altered."

"But I cannot alter the world," said the voice. "I can only alter you."

"Very good. Alter me!" cried Peter.

"But you will be sorry."

"No, I will not."

"Very good. Have your own way. Whenever you are tired of any study, or any part of your mind that needs education, wish to be rid of it, and it will trouble you no more."

"Jolly!" shouted Peter.

"Let me out!" urged the voice.

And Peter threw the thistle down. He was not even curious to see the fairy, so much was he occupied with his new gift. He was quite determined not to be worried with lessons in future, and pleased himself with thinking how the boys would envy him! And just as he entered the school-house door, he said to himself, "I wish that I may never be able to learn another lesson, and then they can't make me."

Now, as soon as he had said this, he forgot how to read, how to count, everything he had ever learned in geography, and arithmetic, and grammar.

When he went to his classes, he could not answer. The master set him to learn his tasks anew; but though he stared at the books, he could make nothing of them.

"Sir," roared the master, in a passion, "sir, can't you read? What does quotient mean?"

"I don't know," answered Peter.

The master picked out the youngest boy in the class to give the answer.

"Now, what is it?" he said to Peter.

"I don't know," insisted Peter.

The master went for his cane, and Peter was soundly flogged. But, though he cried and howled, he still declared that he did not know. The master tried him on his other lessons; but for all of them he had only one answer, "I do not know;" and he looked so stupid, that the teachers began to suspect the truth.

"Something has happened to Master Peter; he has grown an idiot," said they, and sent him home.

And, instead of envying him, the boys whispered one to another, "Oh, poor fellow, he is an idiot! Don't go near him!"

And not one of them would come to play with him.

For his father and mother, they were nearly distracted, and sent for every doctor they could hear about. One doctor said Peter must be blistered, and Peter was blistered. Oh, how it hurt! Another said he must be bled: and you can't think how frightened Peter was. Number three declared that he ate too much; and they put Peter on bread and water. This was not the life he had expected—to be blistered, and bled, and half starved.

"But it is for your good," said his mother.

"Oh, dear!" cried Peter. "I wish I need never see anybody again who would trouble themselves whether anything was for my good or not."

No sooner said than done. Father, mother—all disappeared; and Peter found himself slouching along the streets of a strange city. Nobody looked at him, or seemed to trouble themselves about him. He could not remember any place that had ever been home; and if he attempted to speak to any one, they only passed on. It was cold, and the wind blew strongly. Peter was hungry, also. He knew that people who needed fire and fuel worked to get them in some way, but he could not remember how. After all, it was not so pleasant to have no one to trouble about him; and it was very difficult, not knowing anything. He could not even tell whether he had money enough to buy a loaf of bread, not being able to understand anything about figures. Poor Peter! He stopped shivering, on a corner, and looked up and down the lonely black streets.

"I wish," he said, with a satisfied air, "that I could carry my house about with me, and have my food come into my mouth."

No sooner said than done. He was an oyster. His house was always on his back; and, comfortably embedded in a bank of mud, the water brought him in his food. And how much better that was than to be lectured and looked after, and to puzzle and tire one's brains with learning to be a useful man, and to take care of one's self.

WHO IS YOUR FRIEND?—"A friend should bear his friend's infirmities," says the poet; but this sentiment was written a great many years ago, when Shakspeare was a young man, nowadays we have other business to perform. If *you* wish to know how many friends you have, purchase a pleasant country seat in the vicinity of town; not until strawberry and cherry time will you know how many cherish and love you. The number of your admirers will be found to increase with the advance and ardor of the season; and though their warmth diminishes somewhat with cold weather, yet if you have a large apple and pear orchard, you may possibly nurse it along until the coming spring, especially with the assistance of a good larder and fine wines. But if you have a grapery and green-house, you are sure to be loved all the year round. When such is friendship, who would be a friendless man?

THE worthless and offensive members of society, whose existence is a social pest, invariably think themselves the most ill used people alive, and never get over their astonishment at the ingratitude and selfishness of their contemporaries.

VIRTUE, though in rags, may challenge more than vice, set off with all the trim of greatness.

WINTER WEATHER

BY MRS. MARY H. KAIL.

Beside my cottage, in their towering grandeur,
Rise purple hills, crowned with a sunset splendor,
Kissed by a breath of autumn's lingering sweetness;
Heaven seems to dawn, with all its great completeness.
The western sky, is flecked with drops of gold,
Richer by far than poet's song has told;
In vain a painter's art would dare portray
The royal beauty of this winter day.
But ah! the trees in seeming desolation,
Lift up their hands in feeble supplication,
But with the prayer this hopeful thought is blended,
"To us the day of beauty is not ended;
Though from our arms the whispering leaves are fled,
Within our hearts the life-power is not dead.
Soon from our branches will the wild birds sing,
Amid the foliage of the coming spring."
Even thus, our souls so subject to temptation,
We gladly know, are not our own creation,
Though ruthless hands our dearest joys may sever,
Trusting in God, we may hope on—forever.

GATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

[This serial was commenced in No. 28, Vol. 24. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER X.

THE DEACON AND THE BURGLAR.

It was on the evening of the day following the burglary, that a dark figure stole out of the gloomy region known as the Infected District, and, gliding warily along some of the more respectable thoroughfares, at length entered Eighth street, and halted before a fine dwelling, which bore upon a silver-mounted plate, on the front door, the name of Absalom Pinchbeck. After one or two cautious glances up and down the street, he hastened up the steps, and rung the bell.

"Is Mr. Pinchbeck in?" he inquired, of the domestic who answered his summons.

"He is, sure. Will ye walk in?" was the answer.

"First tell him a gentleman is here, who'd like to speak with him."

The domestic turned away, with a smile of contempt, at the idea of the stranger, whose dress she had scanned by the light of the street-lamp, calling himself a gentleman; and the next minute the deacon himself appeared.

"Can we have a bit of private chat?" said the stranger, to the deacon.

"Oh! I see—it's you, Mr. Mulwrack," replied the deacon. "Yes, walk in here!" and he threw open the door into the front parlor, and called for a light. The moment the gas was lit, and the doors were closed, he added, in a low tone: "What news?"

"The best," answered Mulwrack.

"Ah! indeed! glad to hear it!" and the oily deacon rubbed his hands, keeping his eye the while inquiringly upon his guest. "Yes—take a seat; there—so—well?"

"You know what we've talked of afore?" said Mulwrack.

"Yes, indeed—I have a very good memory."

"You know the gal was wanted to make you all right."

"Yes—if she could be found—and—and——"

"Put out of the way," chimed in the burglar, finishing the sentence in a business-like tone.

"Hush! don't speak so loud! walls have ears, you know. Yes! I believe that was something like what we talked of."

"Well, she's found."

"Ah! indeed! How? where? when?"

"Never you mind all that—that's my business—and I don't blow my business to everybody. The gal's safe—I knows where—and that's enough."

"Yes—exactly—excuse me! So she's found, eh?"

"Ay! and she can stay found, or be lost—you understand?"

"Yes, yes, I see!" returned the deacon, in a nervous tone, glancing hastily around. "There! don't speak quite so loud, this is a very serious thing, you know—very serious!"

"You needn't be skeered," said Mulwrack; "*you've* got nothing to be afeared of; it's me, and not you, that'll do the business."

"Yes, yes—I know; but then, you see—you see—if it should ever leak out, I would be in law accessory before the fact; and that wouldn't be at all agreeable, you see. Ah! law is a great thing; and I intend to make a great lawyer of my son Nelson."

"Curse the law!" grumbled Mulwrack; "I've had enough on't; and if I does this job, I intend to show this here town a clean pair of heels, and let them as wants law, have it, and be ——! But to business—for I can't stay all night. Now you needn't be afeared of the thing's leaking out, for if I does the business, I'll do it alone; and I'm not the chap to peach on any man as pays me well."

"You say you have the girl safe?"

"I said the gal was safe—I didn't say who had her."

"But how am I to know she is the right one?"

"Can't you believe what I tell you?"

"Doubtless you speak the truth, and it may not seem right for me to doubt your word; but, in a matter like this, you know, where so much is at stake, I should like the assurance of my own eyes."

"Well, would you know the gal, if you'd see her agin?"

"I think I would—yes, I think I would. She stopped here, begging, one night—at least I suppose she is the same, and I have a pretty good recollection of her features. Confound the thing! if I had known then what I do now——"

"You'd have did the business yourself, I s'pose," rejoined Mulwrack, as the other paused.

"Oh, no! no! not I!" hastily replied the deacon.

"Well, the long and short on't is, if you're in 'arnest, you shall see the gal afore I pocket the rhino."

"Of course you don't expect your pay before you do your work?" said the deacon, inquiringly.

"Don't I?" sneered Mulwrack, looking the other straight in the eye. "I hope you don't take me for a —— fool!"

"Oh, no! by no means, Mr. Mulwrack; you must not take it in that light; but it is not customary, among us business men, to pay for a job before it's done."

"Well, I expect it's not customary among you business men to bargain for such jobs, neither," rejoined the burglar. "Now the long and short on't is this here, that when the job's *murder* (at this word he sunk his voice to a whisper, and the other shuddered), and that job's to benefit another man, the chap that don't git his pay for't afore it's done, is a —— sight bigger fool than me—that's all I've got to say about that."

"Well, well; we'll talk of that by-and-by," said the deacon, uneasily. "For the present, it may be as well to consider how much I should be benefited by her—her—being—ah—lost."

The cowardly scoundrel could not bring himself to utter the word murdered.

"Why, you know a'ready how much you'll git," said Mulwrack, impatiently; "we've talked this here all over afore."

"Yes; but I've kind of forgotten, you see. Business is business, Mr. Mulwrack—yes, business is business, and one ought never to transact it hastily. After all, the thing seems to rest with that paper you found; and that really may be nothing but—but—a—(he was going to say forgery, but checked himself and substituted)—but the idle work of some idle man."

"Well, I don't know—you'll have to be your own judge about that there," returned the burglar, indifferently. "All I know is, how and where I got it; and that when I showed it to you, you thought it was genewine."

"True—true—so I did; yes, so I did; and I think so still; but thinking and knowing are two things, you see, my—my—ah! Mr. Mulwrack," rejoined the deacon, turning and twisting himself about in a manner indicative of considerable uneasiness of mind.

"Well, what's up?" gruffly demanded the burglar, who began to feel not a little contempt for his hypocritical and cowardly companion.

"Eh! what did you say?"

"I say, what's up?"

"Up?"

"I mean, what are you going to do? what do you decide on?"

"Oh! ah! yes—ahem—I see! Well, first, I think I would like to look at that paper again. Have you got it about you?"

"Yes," answered Mulwrack, looking the deacon steadily in the face for some time, as if to read his very thoughts. "Now I expect there'll be no trick about this matter," he continued; "but if you *do* try to come any game over me, I'll let daylight through you, if it costs me a knot under the ear! D'ye understand?"

"Oh, no! heaven forbid! I had no such idea—upon my honor, as a gentleman, I hadn't," stammered the worthy churchofficer. "And besides, how could I trick you? what could I do? If that paper is correct, the information is worthless to me while the girl lives; and, of course (lowering his voice, and shuddering), her living depends on you!"

"Well, here's the paper then," said Mulwrack, taking it from his pocket and handing it to the other. "Just read it out loud—I'd like to hear it agin myself."

The deacon drew near the light, opened the soiled and crumpled document—which was written in a bold, free, business-like hand—and read as follows:

"THE WELDEN ESTATE.

"Archibald Welden, the younger son of the original baronet of the same name, by the death of a rich kinsman on his mother's side, fell heir by will to a large estate and great wealth. He married, and had for issue a son and a daughter. The daughter died without issue. Charles, the son of Archibald, wedded early in life. Issue, two sons and a daughter. The brothers, Henry and John, sons of Charles, died unmarried. Mary, the daughter of Charles, inherited the estate of her father Charles, and grandfather Archibald, which she brought as dowry to her wedded husband, Edward Montague, youngest son of Richard Marquis of Landfelt. This union was productive of three sons and two daughters—but the estate was now entailed upon the eldest son, Henry Montague, and the eldest son of his body direct, legal issue, and so to continue in male descent forever. But failing male heir direct, within five generations, the estate was to revert to Willard, second son of Edward Montague, and his first-born male, as before provided; and failing heir in this line, to revert to Frederick, third son of Edward Montague, and his heir male, as before provided; and failing heir in this line, to revert to Alice, eldest daughter of Edward Montague, and her heir male, as before provided; and failing heir in this line, to revert to Jane, second daughter of Edward Montague, and her heir male, as before provided; and failing male heirs altogether, to take descent in the female line, reverting to the eldest daughter of Henry, first-born of Edward Montague, and her eldest male issue, provided the heir should take the name of Montague; or failing heir in this line, to revert in the order of birth to the eldest daughter of the second son of Edward Montague; or failing heir in this line, to revert to the next in the same order; and so continue until an heir should be found.

"Now in the third generation, as before mentioned, John de Carp, third son of Jane, second daughter of Edward Montague, fell heir to the Welden Estate, and took upon him the surname of his grandfather. John de Carp Montague still lives, an old man, in feeble health. The issue of his body was two daughters and one son—all deceased. The daughters died without issue. The son, James, married twice. By his first wife he had two daughters. His second wife was a Montague, a distant relation, and next heir to the estate, after James her husband, failing issue. She died, leaving two daughters. The younger died without issue. The elder married William Norbury, artist, and for some years resided in Dublin. She had a son and a daughter—the son is deceased. The mother, if living, is the heir presumptive—the daughter, Ellen, next in succession. They set out for America, and nothing more is known of them. Supposing both mother and daughter dead, the next heir presumptive is the granddaughter of James Montague by his first daughter. She married a Ferguson, and came to America, where he died. She next married a Williams, who is also dead; and she is now the wife of Absalom Pinchbeck, and resides in Philadelphia. Failing the daughter who married a Norbury, and her issue—and the granddaughter, the present wife of Absalom Pinchbeck—the Weldon Estate, now in the possession of John de Carp Montague, descends direct to Lucy Stanhope, the wife of Casmir Stanhope, and only daughter of Flora, second daughter of James Montague, and great-granddaughter of John de Carp Montague."

Such was this singular document—to which was added, in a different hand:

"It is possible! I have made strict inquiries concerning the Norburys, and think all are dead. There only stands, then, between my wife and the possession of this estate, the wife of Pinchbeck. The estate is worth £10,000 per annum."

There was no signature to this paper; but the inference was, that it had been taken from the possession of Casmir Stanhope. Such indeed was the fact. Mulwrack, in one of his burglarious expeditions during the winter, in rummaging a secret drawer, had chanced upon this paper, and secured it about his person. Margaret, who could read, had afterwards informed him of the contents; and Pinchbeck being known to him as the owner of some property in the Infected District, he had ventured to call upon him and let him peruse it. After sounding him a little, to see how much further he might venture, Mulwrack had then informed him that he knew a little girl named Ellen Norbury, whom he doubted not was the one referred to; and that if she were out of the way, he, Pinchbeck, might come into possession of this property. The deacon had also recognized the name as the same the little beggar-girl had given him; and remembering her statement, that her father was an artist, and that both her parents were dead, it had readily occurred to him, that one so friendless and unknown could be silenced forever, without eliciting any inquiry concerning her. On perceiving that the deacon was ripe for his horrible scheme, Mulwrack had informed him that the child had stolen money from his wife (so he termed Margaret), and run away—but that he doubted not he should soon be able to find her, when he would again confer with him on the subject. Ellen had been unexpectedly found, in the manner detailed, and the burglar was now present with the deacon, to close the compact which should consign her to a violent death.

"Well," said Mulwrack, when the deacon had finished reading, "now that you're through with the paper agin, and I tell you that the gal's where I can put my hand on her, what d'ye say now?"

"I hardly know what to say," returned the other, not a little agitated. "This *seems* to be all right; but one ought to be sure before venturing upon—upon—a—ah—such a thing—as—we have talked about."

"Well, now," growled Mulwrack, with a look half-savage, half-contemptuous, snatching the paper from the deacon's hand, and folding it hastily, "I've got something better to do than to loaf here all night; and so as you don't care to be independent rich, for a mere trifle, I'll go and see what I can make from the gal herself."

"Stop, Mr. Mulwrack—don't be too hasty!" said the deacon; "you should always give one time to consider a proposition before withdrawing it."

"It don't take *me* long to make a bargain, when t'other side's willing, and the gains is all in my favor," rejoined the burglar; "and the long and short on't is, I don't like to wait a year for anybody else to do the same thing."

"Well, let me see!" said the deacon, nervously; "let me see! You are certain you could put her out of the way, without leaving any clue by which I might be suspected of having a hand in the matter?"

"Yes, I told you so afore."

"And what am I to pay you for this?"

"Well, considering that you'll git ten thousand pounds a year, when the gal's dead, I reckon ten thousand dollars down 'ud be the fair thing."

"Ten thousand dollars!" cried the deacon, in astonishment. "Why, you are not serious?"

"Would you do it for less?"

"Oh! no! no! *I* would not do it for any sum; but you would; and that price is outrageous—especially when you consider that the old gentleman—the old Montague—is not yet dead, and that he may outlive us all."

"Well, then, what'll you give? Come! make an offer—and then I'll know you're in arnest."

"You must give me a little time to think over the matter—it is so very serious," said the deacon.

"How much time do you want?"

"Say till to-morrow night."

"Enough said then. I'll be here at nine o'clock; and if we can agree, you shall go with me and see the gal yourself. Will that do?"

The deacon responded in the affirmative, and Mulwrack took his leave.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ESCAPE.

It is needless to say, that the long hours of her solitary confinement, after awaking from the sleep into which she had fallen, were hours of torture to little Ellen. And yet it was not the imprisonment itself, nor the danger that seemed to menace her personally, that most troubled her—but the thought that she should be suspected by her kind benefactors of having robbed them. In anguish of spirit, she groaned aloud, and wrung her hands, and sobbed, and prayed to God to deliver her, that she might make her innocence known. Throughout that day, as we have elsewhere said, all remained silent below; and Ellen at last became impressed with the belief that the house had been deserted by its late criminal occupants, and that she was herself the only human being within its walls. Perhaps they had made off with their plunder, and left her there to escape or perish! The thought was somewhat consoling—for any fate seemed better than that of remaining in their hands.

Barely tasting the plain food which had been placed by her side—and this rather for the purpose of supporting her drooping form, than because she had any appetite—she passed the greater portion of the day in praying for deliverance, without making any attempt to examine the security of her prison. As night approached, and the house continued silent, it suddenly occurred to her, that possibly she might escape. Instantly the bare hope made every nerve thrill with a strange sensation; and she started to her feet, feeling her strength increased in a surprising degree. She now passed around the room, examining every part; and at length discovered that one of the boards, which closed up the window, had been nailed on in a manner so careless, as to require no great strength to wrench it off. With emotions of hope, joy, and fear indescribable, she clasped her hands, and murmured:

"Oh! I may yet escape!"

The hour was still too early to make the trial with safety; and so Ellen sat down by the window, her little heart wildly throbbing, and awaited with what patience and calmness she could summon to her aid, the moment when the cover of night should permit her to carry her design into effect, without exposing it to others. If she could but succeed in removing this board, the aperture would be sufficient to admit her body, when she could drop to the ground, without much danger of being injured—the distance not being over ten or twelve feet. But it would be necessary to her purpose, to await the opportunity when none of the occupants of the miserable shanties around and adjoining might be on the lookout, or any one passing along the miserable alley—lest discovery, exciting curiosity, should lead to inquiry, and be the means of restoring her to her dreaded jailors, or of placing her in a situation as dreadful as her present one.

The sun went down at last, and night gradually gathered around our anxious, trembling prisoner; but for an hour or two, the certainty that there were a number of persons moving about in the narrow alley in which the hovel in question was situated, deterred her from making the attempt, on whose success she felt hung more than life. During the period that she was occupied in listening, some person came to the door, which was just under the window by which she was seated, and tried to gain admittance—but failed, and went away, grumbling and cursing. This, although Ellen did not know it, was Mulwrack himself, who had remained secreted in another place during the day, and was then on his way to pay that visit to Deacon Pinchbeck, of which we have given an account in the preceding chapter. And we may as well state here, that, notwithstanding the old hovel had the appearance of being untenanted, and was so quiet as to lead Ellen to suppose the occupants had all left, yet Margaret was in the room below, lying on a straw mattrass, in a state of beastly intoxication.

At last the time arrived when Ellen thought she might venture to begin her work; and applying all her strength to the board, she succeeded, after a few minutes of hard labor, in wrenching it off, without making sufficient noise to attract the attention of any one outside. Who shall describe her feelings now, as she stood within the aperture, prepared for flight, and felt the cool night-breeze upon her fevered brow and cheek? Before her were life, liberty, innocence, and happiness — behind her, misery, crime, imprisonment, and perhaps death! Could she hesitate which to choose? Taking hold of the window-casement, she gradually lowered herself, till she hung by her hands, and then dropped to the ground without injury. She was now in a dark, narrow, filthy alley, and knew not which way to go, but any way was better than standing still; and any place, she fancied, better than the one she had left. So she started forward, groping along in a darkness as black and cheerless as the dismal shades of Erebus, but had not gone far, when her foot slipped on the muddy earth, and she pitched her whole weight upon the body of some human being, stretched out upon the damp ground. Terrified nearly out of her senses, she uttered a sharp cry, scrambled upon her feet, and passed over the body, which still lay motionless—but whether dead, or drunk, she had no means of knowing, and certainly did not consider herself in a proper condition to stop and ascertain. A little further on, she reached the corner of the alley, and turned into another, which, if there could be any comparison between such vile places, was worse than the first. She now became aware that she had taken the wrong direction to reach the larger street by the shortest course—but still kept on, fearing to retrace her steps. Suddenly she found her progress terminated by an old, crazy building, which stretched across the alley, and which was apparently filled with human beings of the lowest and most degraded class. Here and there a crevice showed that there were lights within; while wild, hollow laughter, and hoarse, cracked voices, giving vent to profanity and obscenity, with an occasional demoniac yell, and the stamping and shuffling of many feet, indicated that orgies were there taking place, more worthy of the fiends of darkness than of beings made in the image of Jehovah.

Little Ellen shuddered as she listened, and she looked around in terror and bewilderment. She could not go forward, and she trembled at the thought of going back; while to remain where she was, was almost certain to lead to discovery. And then, if missed from her prison, every exertion she knew would be made to recapture her—and nowhere in this loathsome quarter could she feel herself safe for a moment. What was to be done? She crossed the street, and discovered a board fence, which ran between the larger building and a low, miserable hovel. Should she climb this fence and try her fortune on the other side? It seemed preferable to turning back, or remaining where she was, and so she made haste to mount, and descend into a small, muddy, filthy lot, which abounded with stagnant pools, dead animals, and decaying offal, whose sickening stench and malarious poison were almost insupportable. In attempting to cross this open ground, to where she saw a light glimmering on the other side, little Ellen soon found herself sinking in a miry pool: and she was forced to retrace her steps, with wet, muddy feet. She now passed around by the fence, which enclosed the lot on one side, to the rear of some low, miserable shanties; and while searching for a passage-way into the street, she trod upon a rotten cellar-door, which gave way under her light weight, and she plunged into a dark, damp vault, where, her head striking against the ground, she was deprived of consciousness.

How long she lay in a state of insensibility, she never knew; but when her senses returned, she found herself on the damp earth, on the very spot where she had fallen, and around her a darkness impenetrable to the eye; while the stench was so overpowering, that it seemed as if she would faint with every foul breath she drew. She looked up through the broken door, and perceived one or two stars twinkling in their far-off realms; and the sight brought a ray of hope to her despairing soul. She got upon her feet, feeling cold, weak, and dizzy, and made an effort to get out of her second prison—but only to meet with failure. The slimy wall was high above her head, and there were neither stairs nor ladder, nor aught that she could stand upon to reach the top with

her hands. She was afraid to call for help, lest she should be discovered by some one who would return her to her late jailers—and yet to remain where she was seemed less terrible.

While she thus stood trembling, uncertain what to do, she was startled by a dismal groan, which seemed to proceed from some object enclosed within the same horrible pit as herself. She sunk down terrified, afraid to speak or move; and again that awful groan sounded in her ear, and she heard something move within a few feet of her. This was an accumulation of terrors, greater than her over-tasked nerves could bear, and nature kindly came to her relief. She swooned, and for a long time lay as one dead, on the damp ground, in that noisome, pestilential atmosphere.

When consciousness again returned, the gray of morning was struggling to dispel the darkness from the horrible vault, or cellar, in which Ellen had passed that eventful night. At first her mind was too much confused and bewildered to permit her to comprehend where she was, or how she came there; but by degrees memory gave forth each event, in the order of its occurrence, and she looked eagerly around for the means of escape—though so weak and stiff as scarcely to be able to get upon her feet. An object, at the distance of some two or three paces—which appeared to be the figure of a man, stretched out upon the earth, though barely seen in the gloomy light—arrested her attention, and caused a cold shudder of dread undefinable to pass through her slender frame. There seemed something awful in that still form, seen in that dismal abode, in that dreary, uncertain light—something that seemed to tell of death in one of its most terrible forms—of death when the soul leaves the body without a friend nigh, to speak a consoling word, or breathe a kind farewell. Should she approach that object, and learn the truth, the horrible truth? She involuntarily shrunk back, trembling at the bare thought; and yet a mysterious spell seemed to fasten her eyes there, and she fancied it impossible to remove her gaze. Slowly, slowly, she drew near the mysterious object; and at last, shuddering with unspeakable terror, bent over it. Yes! it was a dead body—a skeleton body—the body of a man who had perished of starvation and a loathsome, contagious disease—a disease that gives forth its seeds long after the breath has ceased.

Horror-stricken, poor Ellen turned away, looking for some means of escape. A hollow, unearthly groan again sounded in her ear; and for a moment she felt as if her senses were again leaving her. She looked wildly around, and, in the increasing light, saw another human form, stretched out on the damp ground only a few feet distant from the first. This second object moved—it was alive. Nerved by the courage that springs from desperation, Ellen approached, and bent over it, in the dim light. She saw it was a woman—a woman in the last stage of mortal suffering. Partly resting on her breast, with one arm of the living mother thrown around it, lay a dead infant—dead and cold. Father, mother, and child—the father dead—the child dead—the mother dying! Heavens! what a scene!

"Can I do anything for you, poor woman?" inquired little Ellen, in a low, gentle, pitying tone, as she bent over the dying mother.

"Who speaks," returned the sufferer, opening her eyes, and fixing them upon Ellen with a wild and somewhat vacant stare.

"Can I do anything for you, poor woman?" repeated Ellen.

"Do! for *me*!" cried the wretched mother, striving to fix her eyes upon the cold dead infant on her bosom. "Yes; take this little one away, and nurse it, and take care of it, and look to God for your reward.

"But the child is dead!" said Ellen, deeply affected.

"Right!" rejoined the mother, speaking with difficulty; "you are right! it is dead! and it is better off than the living. But my husband—my dear husband—he is sick and suffering yonder; help him if you can, I am past all human aid!"

"Alas, he is dead, too!" sighed Ellen.

"Dead?" repeated the woman, making an effort to rise, and speaking in a wild, startled tone. "Dead? all dead?"

She closed her eyes, shut her teeth hard, drew in a long breath, and sent it forth in a shriek of anguish.

It was her last. With that shriek her spirit passed from the clay, and stood in a better world, and poor little Ellen was alone with the dead, in that damp, dismal vault.

With a cry of horror, she turned to escape. A broken chair caught her eye. She seized this, and bore it to the mouth of what was now a charnel house. Mounting upon it, and stretching up her slender form, she was barely able to grasp the sill of the doorway above. Weak though she was, the excitement of horror and terror gave her strength, and she drew her body up into the light of breaking day, and for a few moments seemed to gulp the fresh air, as one struggling against suffocation.

She was now in the same lot or open space which she had ventured into the night before, and knew not where to go, or what to do. Should she seek out some of the miserable inhabitants of the miserable hovels before her, and tell them what she knew of the horrors of the dismal vault from which she had just escaped? But for what purpose? What good could result from her information? The late inmates of that awful place were all dead, and why should she expose herself to questions of curiosity, which might lead to her own detection and return to the quarters where she had so recently been held a prisoner? More especially, since it was very likely that she had been missed ere this, and a careful search been set on foot. No! Self-preservation required her to be silent concerning what she had witnessed, and fly from this loathsome quarter as from the devouring plague. Looking hurriedly around, she perceived a narrow passage-way between two old buildings, leading into a wretched street, and through this she passed with as much haste as her weak but nervous and excited condition would permit.

She breathed freer when she had gained the street, and perceived that only here and there an inhabitant of this vile locality was abroad at that early hour; but she was not safe even now, and she hurried on, guided more by instinct than reason, looking timidly and suspiciously at every object, and shrinking from the notice of any she met or passed, like one guilty of a deed of crime. Thus terrified, she hurried on, her nerves braced with intense excitement, and her gentle but sinking spirit buoyed up with the hope that she was about to escape and return to her friends. She had turned two corners, and was still pressing eagerly forward through a street of better appearance than the one she had lately quitted, when she was startled at hearing herself addressed in a familiar manner, and in a voice that she fancied she recognized.

"Ah, my little lady, whither away so fast this fine April morning? Come! I pray you stop, and have a chat with an old friend."

Ellen looked quickly around, and perceived Nabob Hunchy hastening across the street to meet her. She would gladly have avoided him, but finding she could not, she stopped, and said:

"What do you want with me?"

"To say how do ye do, and apologize for the abrupt manner in which I parted from you at Jimmy Quiglau's," returned the hunchback, with the greatest *sang froid*. "Why, my little lady," he continued, in a tone of surprise, glancing at Ellen's rich garments, which the reader will bear in mind were the same which Mulwrack had forced her to put on when he took her away from the mansion of Sir Walter, "why, you have had good pickings somewhere since we met. Silks! I do declare! and soiled with mud! Where are you living? what have you been doing? and where are you going now?"

Ellen shuddered.

"Oh!" she said, "ask me no questions, but show me the way to some fine street."

"Aha! bound for a promenade?" returned Nob, laughing. "But you look pale," he added, in an altered tone; "you appear to be weak and faint. Come! I'll stand treat this time, and a little good brandy will set you all right. By-the-by," he continued, feeling in his pockets, "I believe, upon my soul, I have left my money at my lodgings; but that needn't make any difference, since you can spare that apron, which I can pawn for enough to make us both jolly."

"Leave me! leave me!" cried Ellen, nervously; "show me the way out of this awful place, and leave me."

"But let us have a merry drink together first."

"No! no! I never drink! Oh, I am so much alarmed! I want to get away—quick—get far, far from here."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll guard and guide you into a clean, nice street, if that is what you want, and you shall leave me that pretty apron as a keepsake."

"Yes, yes, take it—take it!" rejoined Ellen, almost tearing it from her in her haste, and handing it to the other; "and now quick! quick! let us go!" and she looked hurriedly around, fearful of being discovered by the burglar.

Nabob Hunchy coolly pocketed the apron of little Ellen, muttering to himself:

"I'm good for one jolly drunk on that, at all events."

He then set off with Ellen, both walking fast. As they turned the corner of a street leading out of that wretched quarter, the hunchback stopped before a low, miserable structure, from which projected a sort of iron trident, suspending three large gilded balls, announcing it to be a licensed establishment for the encouragement of thieves and the robbery of the poor—or, in other words, a pawnbroker's shop.

Turning to Ellen, he said:

"Wait here a moment; I have some business with the gentleman inside."

"I will hurry on then by myself," replied Ellen, nervously, "so, good-bye."

"Oh, no, stay; I will only be a moment," said Nob; "and having promised to see you safe out of this quarter, I should like to keep my word."

As he spoke, he tried the door, but found it fast. The hour was early, and the proprietor had not yet opened his nefarious business for the day.

"I know how to get in," continued the deformed boy, and turning into a narrow, filthy alley, which ran along one side of the building, he hastened round to a back entrance, and little Ellen lost sight of him.

For a short time Ellen awaited his return in a rather impatient mood, during which she kept her eyes constantly roving around, while she trembled, lest they should light upon her most dreaded enemy. Suddenly she started, and a cry of terror sprung to her lips, but she succeeded in repressing it. On the other side of the way, almost opposite to where she stood, was another alley, and coming down this, toward the larger street, was a person whom she believed to be Mulwruck. Should he discover her, she felt she would be lost; and any place of refuge, she thought, would be better than remaining so exposed. So she darted into the alley nearest her, intending to follow the hunchback into the pawnbroker's; but when she reached the back entrance, it was closed, and he was not to be seen, and not being certain where he had entered, and fearing discovery, she sped on some distance down the filthy alley, till she came to an open gate of a small yard. Without looking back, she sprung through the opening, and hurriedly closing the gate, looked around her, trembling and half bewildered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REMEMBERING AND FORGETTING.

It is a good thing to be able to remember, but it is no less desirable to be able to forget. Happiest among men is he whose will exercises the strongest control over his memory, for he can bury his cares in oblivion, and record the pleasant incidents of his life where "every day he turns the leaf to read them." Some men can remember nothing. Theirs is a great misfortune, for experience is of no use to them. They walk in darkness, minus the lamp by which wiser feet are guided, and of course stumble as they go. There are others whose vile forte it is to remember pleasurably all that good men strive to dismiss from their recollection. Their minds are like filters, which permit that which is pure and excellent to run through them, but retain whatever is coarse and noxious. Their fund of immoral information is inexhaustible; but of facts which illustrate the best traits of human nature, or the wisdom and benevolence of its Author, their memories are bare. There is a very large class that cannot remember benefits—another that never forgets wrongs. In short, the specialties of memory and of forgetfulness are manifold.

A TRUE religious sentiment never deprived man of a single joy.

BE CONSIDERATE.

Oh! if you knew what simple things
Oft cheer the hearts of others,
We'd frequent find our spirit-strings
Brimful of bliss, my brothers.

A cheerful smile, a pleasant word,
Which we can always give,
Perchance some drooping soul hath stirred
With strength to love and live.

An act may be by us unmarked,
But kenned by watchers near;
The song which we unheeding sing,
May strike another's ear.

If we but give our "widow's mite,"
To aid the general weal,
To help along the cause of right,
How angel-like we feel!

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.

[This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

Out of the window of the farm house smoke was curling in thin, ominous wreaths. The house was evidently on fire, but too tightly closed below for the conflagration to get air.

In the distance appeared two squads of soldiers, each engaged with an outnumbering force of Indians. Several officers on horseback were observed approaching the scene.

There were evidently persons in the burning house, and their need of rescue was imminent.

Advancing to the edge of the bushes the troops were formed for a charge, Major Amberly himself taking command. The two captains, with the scouts, remained with Miss Amberly and Laura, in the shelter of the bushes.

So occupied were the savages that they failed to notice this new foe until the soldiers had made a third of the intervening distance.

With the major at their head, leading onward excitedly, the men rushed at full speed towards their savage foes, reserving their fire until within twenty yards of the house. Then rang out the volley which those within the house had heard, accompanied by the loud hurrahs of the whites.

It was the turn of the Indians now to be taken by surprise. The close fire of the troops had made fearful havoc in their thronging ranks, and their reply was too desultory to stop the fierce onset of the troops.

Colonel Bowles strove earnestly to rally them under the cover of the house, but a new danger added to their disorganization. A hot fire commenced upon them from the upper windows of the house, the beseiged soldiers perceiving the changed condition of affairs and hastening to assist their friends.

The Indians were falling rapidly. There were no trees near to give them shelter in their usual mode of fighting. Major Amberly and his troops rushed fiercely upon them around the house, pouring in a close and deadly volley as they did so. With fixed bayonets they charged upon the disorganized savages.

This was more than Indian flesh and blood could bear. The frightened savages broke and ran, scattering in all directions, and striving to reach the shelter of the woods.

The pursuit was kept up with unabated energy, the soldiers breaking their ranks and separating in pursuit.

It was a true panic that affected the Indians. They made no effort at defence, though falling every moment under the shots and thrusts of the whites. The shelter of the forest seemed to be their only thought. They were defenceless in open ground.

Those of them who had gone forward for purposes of plundering, and who were engaged with the distant soldiers, saw this flight, and began a similar retreat.

As they passed the burning house a terrible fire was poured on them from the windows. Captain David hung from one of the windows, and dropped lightly to the ground. He was followed by the surviving members of his company. Hastily forming they charged desperately upon this second body of the enemy, their hearts full of revengeful feelings.

The triumph of the savages had been turned into an utter defeat. They fled wildly for the woods, their numbers decimated by the deadly fire of the whites.

Nor was the pursuit stopped when the forest was reached. Though still outnumbering their foes, the savages were too disorganized and destitute of discipline to make a stand behind the shelter of the trees.

On and on they went, still pursued by their revengeful enemy, Major Amberly being foremost in the pursuit, and cheering the troops rapidly onward.

With heart shuddering at the fearful forms of death that met her eyes on every side, Miss Amberly now left her shelter, accompanied by the two officers. The scouts had joined in the pursuit of the Indians.

Around the burning house the sight was a fearful one, and they made a slight detour to avoid the terrible spectacle.

The fire kindled in the house still smouldered, unable to obtain air, and seemed likely to go out of itself.

The group of mounted officers of whom we have already spoken, Colonel Brownson at their head, rode up and viewed the fugitives with curious eyes.

A few words of surprise and congratulation at his escape were given by the colonel to Captain Allen. They then rode on, leaving the escaped prisoners to pursue their journey towards the town.

We need not dwell farther on the events of this stirring day. They reached the town without further adventure, where Miss Amberly and her maid, worn out by their long journey, obtained shelter and rest in the house of Mr. Marvin.

The repulse of the Indians was complete. A portion of the soldiers continued to pursue them until nightfall. The remainder, led by Major Amberly, returned to their positions about the town, not knowing but that the attack might be repeated by some other portion of the enemy.

Major Amberly now returned to the quarters from which he had lately escaped, reporting himself, by a messenger, to Colonel Brownson, as under arrest.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

The Indians had suffered a signal defeat. Nearly half their number was killed and wounded, and the remainder made the best of their way back to the Cherokee villages, utterly panic stricken and disorganized.

The soldiers, too, had lost heavily, Captain David's company being badly cut up. The opportune charge of the troops under Major Amberly had saved the citizens from terrible disasters; the surprise of an attack from an unlooked for quarter, and the impetuous character of the assault, having alone defeated the savages.

It may be imagined, then, that the major became very popular in the town, and Colonel Brownson unpopular in proportion, it being claimed as an outrage that this meritorious officer should continue under arrest.

Several of the citizens ventured to remonstrate with him, but without getting any satisfaction.

"Major Amberly," he said, "has set discipline at defiance. He is responsible for this Indian attack, and for all the lives lost. His putting himself at the head of an assaulting party is no palliation for his former offence. Besides, the matter has gone beyond my control. The members of the court-martial are in the town, and the decision is in their hands."

Captain Wilson had failed to recover the papers which he had lost. They could not readily be replaced, as President Lamar was absent from the capital, on a tour in the western districts of the Republic that would occupy several weeks.

The commander-in-chief accompanied him. They were moving rapidly, and it would not be easy, in those days antedating the railroad and telegraph, to reach either of these persons in authority.

The sentence of a court-martial, if of a severe character, was subject, by law, to executive revision. But Texas was yet far from being a settled and law-abiding Republic, and there had been too many cases of those in power taking the law into their own hands, not to make Major Amberly's friends uneasy.

His daughter was greatly distressed concerning his position. She had been so confident of releasing him, and had entered Nacogdoches so full of hope of the success of her efforts, that the announcement of Captain Wilson that he had lost the papers was a dreadful blow to her.

She had built so fully on the effect of these documents, that their loss seemed like a signing of her father's death-warrant. She had not yet commenced to consider the many points in his favor.

In spite of her efforts at cheerfulness, he perceived the depression of her mind, and concealed his own feelings in efforts to relieve her of this evident distress.

"How could Captain Wilson have lost the papers?" she vehemently asked. "If by carelessness, it is incomprehensible to me how he could be careless in so vital a matter. He can offer no excuse.

"And I to pledge my hand to such a lover!" she repeated to herself. "Is this faithlessness the measure of his love?"

"It was heedless in him, no doubt," replied her father, with an appearance of unconcern. "But they probably will not be needed. I don't fancy that an impartial court will find a verdict of guilty in my case. And if they do, no action can be taken without the president's assent."

"He is out of reach. Your enemies will not wait for him," she said, in a sorrowful tone. "What have you ever done to this Colonel Brownson?"

"Nothing."

"He seems vindictive. There must be something."

"He has not been my friend for years, I admit that. He has never before had an opportunity of injuring me, and seems inclined to make the most of this."

"But why was he unfriendly? You have only been for the last year in his regiment."

"I have known him for very many years previously, Nellie. The trouble between myself and him is a secret to the world, though there is no reason why it should be so to you."

"Do not tell me, father, if there is any breach of honor in doing so."

"There is none, child. I simply speak of it as a secret as I do not wish to acquaint the world with my private affairs. Colonel Brownson was a suitor for your mother's hand before I ever knew her. She never liked him, though I believe his love for her was earnest. His jealousy of me was bitter, and he has never forgotten nor forgiven our marriage. This is the sole cause of an enmity that has lasted for more than twenty years."

His daughter sat silent, revolving this new insight into the earlier life of her parents. She was half inclined to call on Colonel Brownson, and appeal to his better feelings in behalf of her father.

He discovered what was in her mind, and positively forbade her making any such effort. He was well satisfied that it would prove useless, and did not wish to have her subjected to the cold rebuff of his unfeeling foe.

Besides the court was to be held the next morning, and any such appeal now would be useless.

It is not necessary to enter minutely into the proceedings of this court, and we will content ourselves with a hasty resume of its action.

Major Amberly admitted that the orders of his commander were strict and definite in character, that he had thoroughly understood them, and wilfully disobeyed them.

His only excuse was that his sense of humanity had forced him to attempt the rescue of their prisoner from the Indians. He excitedly remarked that in any similar case he could not act otherwise than he had done.

This bold assertion produced a slight sensation among the officers composing the court. Their eyes were fixed on the accused with a severity that showed that he had injured his own cause by his impulsiveness.

Captain Allen, who was called as the main witness in the case, made a strong effort to break the force of the prisoner's self-crimination.

He claimed that he had made the hostile movement on his own responsibility, without any direct order from his commander, and that any fault in the movement he alone was responsible for.

He admitted that Major Amberly had made a gesture which he had taken as an acquiescence in his desire, but asked the court if such a gesture was the proper warrant for so important a movement.

Major Amberly, being further questioned, refused to accept this generous effort of his subaltern to bear the burden of his fault. He claimed that he had fully intended to order an aggressive movement, and was satisfied that Captain Allen understood his intentions.

Colonel Brownson, acting as his own advocate, made a strong speech to the court, in which he disclaimed any intention to treat the prisoner's fault with undue severity, and acknowledged the full force of the plea of humanity which the latter had made.

He went on, however, to depict the position in which he was placed, with strict orders from President Houston—which had not been rescinded by the new President—to avoid any conflict with the Indians.

This had been his reason for the order given Major Amberly. But military discipline required that orders should be obeyed without reference to reasons. The commander is alone responsible for the result of his orders. It is the duty of the under officer to obey, without question.

In this case the result had shown the wisdom of his order, and the disobedience of Major Amberly had been followed by the most serious results.

The ill-advised effort to interfere in behalf of a white prisoner had resulted in the murder of that prisoner, and had precipitated an Indian war, which might have been avoided, and whose terrible results the members of the court had themselves seen.

This, however, he admitted was alien to the question. The whole point to be considered was the grave nature of the prisoner's offence, under the military laws of the Republic. Without reference to the consequences, whether fortunate or otherwise, the penalty for such an offence was death, or such lighter sentence as the court might in its mercy inflict.

He charged, further, that the prisoner had committed a military offence by flying from the town while under arrest. This was a further crime, which was subversive of all good discipline, and for which military law prescribed a severe penalty.

The case looked bad for the accused at the close of this long and skillful speech. The members of the court-martial whispered gravely to together, their eyes fixed seriously on the prisoner.

The officer whom Major Amberly had chosen for his advocate, now opened the case for the defence in as skillful a speech.

Colonel Brownson, he said, had professed to base his case on the mere question of the offence committed, without reference to any contingent circumstances or results. Yet he had been permitted to bias the minds of the members of the court by a strong presentation of these results. This proceeding had been a little informal, and gave him the privilege of a like informality.

To him it seemed that the offensive movement made by Captain Allen could not be claimed as the cause of the Indian raid. It was well known that the savages had been displaying increasing insolence, and the act for which Major Amberly had justly punished them was one which, if allowed to go unchecked, would have caused them to despise the power of the whites, and to commit some more glaring depredation.

He had simply forced them to an open display of their secret intentions. So far from this result being injurious, it had doubtless caused a short, sharp and decisive termination of what might otherwise have assumed larger proportions, with much greater loss to the soldiers and citizens of the Texan Republic.

As for the charge of breaking an order of arrest, he went on to show that by military law an arrest could only continue for eight days, unless definite charges were prepared and furnished the accused within that period.

This had not been done, and the arrest had expired by legal limitation before Major Amberly's absenting himself.

The speaker proceeded to show the object of this action of the prisoner, painting in strong colors the perilous position of Miss Amberly, and the natural impulses of a parent's heart in such an emergency.

He dwelt still more strongly on the return of the accused, his leading the rescuing party of troops, and the efficient service he had rendered under the eyes of the members of the court. He had then quietly returned, and offered himself to the discretion of the court, confident in the purity of his intentions, and the justice of his case.

This argument for the defence had a powerful influence upon the officers forming the court.

They had discussed the policy of imposing the extreme sentence of the law upon the accused. The admitted offence of Major Amberly was of the gravest character, and the efficiency of the whole army depended largely on not letting such a military crime pass without severe punishment.

They could not now but admit that the mitigating circumstances were worthy of earnest consideration. Several of them, in their hearts, felt that they would have imitated Major Amberly's action under the same circumstances. But as the case stood, they were forced to conform to the strict letter of the law, and decide without reference to their private opinions.

These proceedings had extended over several hours, and there was an inclination in the members of the court to remand the prisoner to his quarters, and to decide in private as to the proper punishment to be awarded. His own admission rendered a verdict of guilty necessary.

But at this late stage in the case, a new witness claimed the right to be heard. This was none other than the daughter of the accused.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENTERPRISE.—There are few men so hopelessly and disadvantageously situated that they cannot rise and succeed in any right and reasonable undertaking. But he must be a man conscious of his strength and fixedness of purpose, who can say, "I can and will succeed, and will build for myself, in spite of all hindrances, a name and a fortune." To such a man the obstacles over which his energy triumphs only give a zest to his labors; they whet and exhilarate his spirits, and increase his enjoyment.

ILL-FOUNDED enmities are ever the most obstinate. The reason of this is clear. As offences of that kind exist only in the imagination, they never fail to grow and swell in that receptacle, too fruitful in evil fancies.

FACETIÆ

An advertisement in the London Times reads: "Dear Tom, come immediately if you see this. If not, come on Sunday."

THE Chinese in San Francisco didn't take the death of their Emperor much to heart. They said, "No care; noder man all the same good; you sabe?"

A QUAINT SIMILE.—Methinks, to kiss ladies' hands, after their lips, as some do, is like little boys, who, after they eat the apple, fall to the paring out of the love they have to the apple.

"How charmingly naive she is," said a young beau to a crusty old gentleman. "Knave!" exclaimed the latter, gazing through his spectacles toward the coquettish beauty indicated; "I should say more of a fool."

A BREAKFAST table conversation. Smith; "Ain't John late in bringing the mail this morning?" Jones: "I guess there is something in the postal cards that he don't understand. He's probably reading them over twice!"

KING KALAKAUA, when in San Francisco, is related to have found a little girl in the corridor of his hotel, and taking the child up in his arms, asked it for a kiss. "Yeth, sir, if you won't eat me," was the trembling reply.

SOWING AND REAPING.—An Arabian having brought a blush on a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her, "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them? the law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

ARRANGING A CONGREGATION.—This is the way a colored preacher is said to have arranged his hearers for mutual convenience: "De fore part ob de church will please sit down so de hind part ob de church can see de fore part, for de hind part can't see de fore part if de fore part persist in stanin, before de hind part to de utter exclusion ob de hind part by de fore part."

"YOUR friend stayed uncommonly late last night, and I was quite inclined to come into the parlor and dismiss him," said an indulgent father to his pet of sixteen. "Oh, yes, it was pretty late; but we got so interested in discussing Ritualism that we did not notice the fleeting hours, papa." "Discussing Ritualism?" sternly queried the father, and then he walked slowly away, with his hands under his coat-skirts, trying to remember what they called it when he was young.

A wit stopped at a foundry, where
Some men were casting iron ware,
And entering, said, "You all appear
To be engaged in casting here."

"Yes," said the foreman, "that's our
'biz.'"

The wit remarked, "I'm glad it is,
For I have sought, and found at last,
A place to get a shadow cast."

The iron man at once replied
That "Such a feat their skill defied,"
But recommended him to pass
To a foundry where they worked in brass.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

DIAMOND.

Here, if your eyes do prove but true,
A proverb soon will bring to view.

L
N U
D I F
I N M T
S E A L E
N Q A U
E U I
V U
E

LOGOGRIPH.

A man there lived somewhat remote,
Three letters spell his name;
If them you write, now try and note
Of literature the sort he wrote,
How he acquired his fame.

B. A. IGGLESDEN.

ENIGMA.

Each man is myself when he wakes in the night;
I've turned white cheeks red, and I've turned red cheeks white;
My name truly is, or was, known to your mother;
I'm a pleasure in one sense, a sin in another.

J. CORWEB.

CHARADES.

1.

My first's an oft-used negative,
Without prevarication;
My second is a substantive,
Without specification;
My whole, however, it may be sought,
Will but resolve itself to nought.

2.

The initials and finals if you take
A desirable personage it will make,
For which a woman is sure to fret
If, by chance, it she cannot get.

3.

My first is slang for gentlemen; my second is a fish;
My whole's polite or elegant; and what more can you wish?

THOS. MARSDEN.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a man who is overworked by a mean employer like some steamships?

2. What is the difference between an auction and a seaside man?

3. Why are ladies who lace tightly bad economists?

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 36.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 30, Vol. 54.

ENIGMA.—"The Lady of Lyons."

A "NOVEL" ENIGMA.—Don Quixote de la Mancha, by Miguel Cervantes Saavedra.

SHAKSPEAREAN DIAMOND PUZZLE.—
D
TEA
OASIS
CINDERS
CYMBELINE
COMMUNE
TOOLE
ANT
A

HEART WHISPERS.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

What if he loved me! How the new whispered thought
Comes o'er me, with a thrill of ecstacy!
And yet, when constant ere his step hath brought,
I think shrink as he approaches me.
Last night, when greeting words were on his lips,
My ears grew deaf between my faint replies;
And when he pressed my trembling finger tips,
I felt me turn to marble 'neath his eyes.
What if he loved me! If 'twere mine to share
His thought! to be of his proud being part!
Hush! lest the tell-tale wind should blly hear
To him this wild, wild beating of my heart
For should he guess—who in my soul hath name—
That I, unsought, love him, ah! I should die of shame.

WHAT WAS IT?

A TALE OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY R. REECE, JR.

Three years ago, being in London on business which would necessitate my remaining there for some weeks, and money being a consideration with me in those days, I was obliged to look about for cheap lodgings. So long as I had a decent room to sit in in bad weather, with a fireplace that did not smoke, and a corner where I could turn in at night for sleep, I cared little for convenience, and less for appearances, and was quite contented under circumstances which were frequently trying, and occasionally aggravating.

After some difficulty, I lighted upon a fairly presentable house in a shambling sort of a terrace, not very distant from one of the principal thoroughfares of that busy city.

I was admitted, after repeated knocks, and just as my patience was becoming exhausted, by an old woman of about sixty-five, though it is possible that she might have been prematurely aged by want and illness. When I inquired of her the terms of the lodgings, the poor old creature, who was shaking in voice and body from a sort of palsy, stammered out that she would call her daughter to answer my questions, but "would I please step inside a moment." I complied, and waited in the passage while the old woman hobbled and jerked herself down the stairs to the kitchen.

Shortly afterwards I heard a younger and lighter step ascending the staircase, and my landlady stood before me. She was a bold, sluttish-looking woman of about thirty, with a face which, though not positively ill looking, was of a low stamp, and certainly unattractive. She instantly assumed a smirk and curtsey to the prospective lodger, and excused herself for not waiting upon me immediately; but "it was all along of that stupid old woman-servant which she kept out of charity, tho', Heavin knew, she did nothing for the use of the house in return for all the eatin' and drinkin' which was provided"—and so on.

Abusing the wretched old woman, and denying in every word the fact that it was her mother of whom she spoke so rudely, the landlady preceded me to the "drawing-room floor," and threw open the door with a conscious pride.

They were, as I have said, very inferior lodgings. I believe at any other time I should have incontinently left the spot, but something prompted me, and I agreed to lodge there for a month, from the first of December till the New Year's Day following.

Nothing could have been more completely inconvenient, as far as accommodation and attendance were concerned, and yet I stayed, for I had already found an interest in the place. The shaky old woman was the servant-of-all-work, the factotum, the fag of the lodgings.

One day, I ventured to inquire of the old handmaid as to the *menage* of the slipshod household.

"Why do *you* do all the work?" I said kindly to her. "It is too much for you."

To my surprise the poor old woman sat down on a chair and burst into tears. I was not a little astonished, but held my tongue till she had somewhat recovered, when I again remarked:

"I'm afraid this is too much for you, day after day."

The old creature rose suddenly and tottered to the door.

"I humbly pray your pardon, sir," she stammered. "I forgot myself. I've not been well lately, sir, and the children have——"

"Stay," I said. "Shut the door, and tell me all about it. I am anxious to know all about *you*, and if I can do anything——"

"Oh, no, dear sir," cried the poor old wretch, trembling with fear, in addition to her usual palsy. "Don't notice me, sir, if you please; pray don't. If they were to know that I had been crying, or talking to you, they'd——"

Here she paused, and looked nervously at the door.

"What would they do?" I asked.

"They'd beat me, sir. *She* often does, if I forgot anything; and *he*, oh! he is awful. I was ill once for weeks from a blow he gave me."

"Why on earth do they ill-treat you?" I asked. "You do all the work, while they idle. There must be some other reason."

"Sir," said the old woman, with some pride in her voice, cracked, jerky, and feeble as it was, "I was once worth more than a thousand pounds—I mean when my husband died, and before *she* was married. I set them up, but they robbed me of all my money; and they know it, and keep me here, and hate and ill-treat me in consequence."

"Why do you stay?" I asked.

But a moment after I was conscious of the folly of my question, as the old woman answered:

"Where could I go to, sir?"

The simplicity and despair in this response convincing me that I should do no good by personally interfering in the domestic misunderstandings, I refrained from further questioning, and waited for some issue to this course of ill-treatment, when I might, though an outsider, be justified in stepping in as a check.

It soon came. In the Christmas week the poor old mother took to her bed, thoroughly conquered by the hard weather and the increasing work. Every day I heard angry voices and curses through the wainscoting which separated my bedroom from the wretched old creature's sleeping den. A feeble squeaking was all that rough usage, neglect, or execration elicited. My blood used to blaze within me at the cowardice of that disreputable pair, who junketed while their mother was gasping for breath, or calling for common assistance.

I did once forget my position, and attempted to expostulate with the daughter, my landlady, who came into my room, attended by a rumpled-haired child with a dirty face (which was a pretty likeness of her mother's), on the morning of December twenty-fourth.

Bedizened was the landlady, and ribboned all over. Evidently she was bound upon a merry-making with some friends that Christmas Eve; and I was so struck with the heartlessness of a daughter leaving a parent, dying perhaps, in the care of only a child of five years old, that I mildly reflected upon the remarks which the neighbors might make on the occasion. I was speedily silenced by that indescribable manner which a low-bred woman always can assume to those whom she considers as interfering in her concerns.

I was doomed to a cheerless Christmas Eve—alone, in a wretched lodging, with no other occupants than a bed-ridden old woman and a miserable child. I had taken a rather more expensive dinner than usual that evening, in honor of the day; and when I returned, finding my fire rather low, I called out to the little child, who was, I supposed, in her granny's room, to come and show me where the coal-cellar was. A shrill "Yes, sir," answered me, and I waited for my little guide.

She was a long time coming, and I was getting wearied and cold, when I heard a strange hobbling outside the door, and, to my horror and amazement, the old mother staggered in with a coal-scuttle in her hand, the little child grasping her thin dress tightly, and smiling the while.

"Gracious heavens!" I gasped; "how is this? Why are you here? Whatever induced you to get up to do this? I would have gone without fire a hundred times, rather than you should have run this risk."

The old woman smiled, as I seized the coal-scuttle out of her palsied hands.

"It's nothing, sir, nothing. I'd do it for *you*, sir—for *you;* but not for them—no, not for them. God bless you, sir! Good night, and a merry Christmas to you. Come, Nancy, darling."

"For God's sake!" I cried, "go back to bed; you'll kill yourself in this bitter cold. Go back, I beseech you."

"I'm going, sir," said the shivering creature; "but, are you sure you want nothing fetched, or anything?"

"In heaven's name, no!" I cried again. "Do go back to bed: you'll kill yourself."

"No," muttered the poor old wretch, as I watched her retreating to her den. "*I* shall not have killed *myself*." And so murmuring she hobbled out of sight.

My terrors were increasing. I poked the fire, but could get no addition to my spirits by watching the friendly blaze. At last, worn out, and at a late hour, I determined upon going to bed, and trying to overcome the sad forebodings which had seized upon me by sleep. I lay a long time awake, but at length I went off into a deep slumber. How long I remained unconscious I do not know: but troublesome dreams affected my sleep, increasing in horror till they culminated in my starting up in my bed with a loud cry ringing in my ears. Believing it to be the effect of a disordered fancy, I was preparing to sleep again, when my blood ran icily through my veins at a repetition of the former cry. It was a child's voice. Yes; and in the next room. I listened, and heard a struggling, and then the pattering of naked feet upon the boarding of the adjacent chamber. I was frozen with fear. Suddenly I heard the child cry out in a panic of fear: "Granny, granny; don't! Send it away! send it away! Go away! I don't know you; you are so ugly. Go away!" And a struggle again. This time the child's voice was raised almost to a shriek. "Go away! go away! Who are you? Let granny alone. Oh, mother, mother, come back; come back to granny." And a moment after the little naked feet went pattering down the stairs, while the child moaned piteously: "Oh, mother, mother, come back." Mastering my fears as well as I could, I leapt out of bed, huddled on some clothes, and cautiously opened my bedroom door. It was pitch dark outside; but I could hear the child, still moaning, descending the kitchen stairs. Feeling my way to the old woman's room, I reached the door and paused a moment to listen. There was silence over the house, save when the wailing of the little girl could be indistinctly heard below. Carefully pushing the door open, I entered, and nearly shrieked aloud at the sight which met my eyes. Crumpled up in bed, with face and knees together, sat the old woman. Her eyes were widely staring, her hands grasping the wretched quilt, her jaw dropped, her face the color of stone, and as inflexible. She was dead.

Taking a hasty inspection of the miserable room, to insure that no one was concealed there, and that there had been no foul play, I carefully and shudderingly retired, and had just lighted my candle in my room when I heard the child ascending the stairs again. I called to her by name, and she ran, sobbing, to me, speechless from horror. As soon as I could obtain an answer from her I asked her what she had seen? "Was it a man?"

"No, no; it wasn't a man, nor a woman. I don't know what it was; but it was so dreadful, so ugly. Oh, poor granny, poor granny!"

This was all I could learn from her. I put her into my bed, and, leaving the candle lighted, went out of the house and walked about the streets till daylight. The carousers had returned, and knew the worst then. They were sobered after this shock; and were civil to me, and thanked me for the care I had taken of the child, whom, however, they studiously kept away from me. The old woman was decently buried; and on New Year's Day I left my lodgings. I shall never forget that night so long as I live. But *what was it that the child saw?*

THE FAMILY RELATIONS ACCORDING TO THE TALMUD.—If your wife is of small stature, bow down to her and hear her word in reference to domestic as well as worldly affairs. The husband should ever be anxious that the proper respect be paid to his wife, because the house is blessed only for her sake. Honor your wife, and you will be blessed with riches. Good and bad luck, pleasure and grief, joy and sorrow, are in the hands of the wife. Who takes unto himself a wife, brings luck to the house, or a yawning gulf. Who lives without a wife, knows no pleasure, no bliss, no blessing. Who has to thank so much to his wife will not only treat her with the utmost regard and respect, but make her position in the house fully equal to his own.

VICES, like shadows, towards the evening of life grow great and monstrous.

THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing it or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day.

This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius, in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally, the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the following manner:

The swineherd Ho-ti, having gone out into the wood one morning, as his manner was, to collect food for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind that had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand—much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of scorched skin had come away with his fingers, an' for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious, and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handsful of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with the retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded no more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?"

"Oh, father, the pig—the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!"

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste! Oh, Lord!" with such like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling, scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he could for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time onward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of "Not Guilty."

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till, in process of time, says the manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or, indeed, of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century later—I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith on the account thus given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS.

At Ephesus, the capital of the twelve Ionian cities in Asia Minor, stood the famous temple of Diana. The edifice was burnt down on the night in which Alexander was born. It was set fire to by Eratostratus, a native of Ephesus, with no other view than to immortalise his name. His townsmen, however, passed a decree forbidding his name to be mentioned; nor would it soon have been known unless Theopompus had introduced it into his writings. Hence the incendiary has come down to our times as "the youth that fired the Ephesian dome."

Alexander made an offer to rebuild the temple, provided he could inscribe his name on the front, which the Ephesians refused. Aided, however, by the whole of Asia Minor, they erected a still more magnificent temple, which occupied them two hundred and twenty years. Pliny describes it as 425 feet long by 220 broad. Chersiphron was the architect. It was built of cedar, cypress, and even gold; and within it were treasured offerings to the goddess Diana, the value of which almost exceeded computation. Nero is said to have despoiled the temple of many of these treasures; but it existed until it was finally burnt by the Goths, A. D. 253—268. Vitruvius considers this temple as the first edifice in which architecture was brought to perfection, and the first in which the Ionic order was employed.

Ephesus, once the pride of Asia, is now represented by a poor village of a few cottages, and a castle and mosque built with fragments taken from the ruins of Ephesus, half a mile distant. The stadium, now converted into a cornfield, the theatre, the circus, and the magnificent gymnasium, may all be distinguished in outline, and their area is strewed with fine fragments. There is a particular part of the entablature of a Corinthian temple, which, in the richness and variety of its ornaments, as well as in their fine execution, has perhaps never been surpassed. But it is not without difficulty, and even doubt, that we can determine the spot where stood that proud boast of antiquity—the temple sacred to Diana of the Ephesians. All that constituted the splendor of this edifice—its columns, of which 127 were the gifts of kings, its works of art, comprising the masterpiece of Apelles and Praxiteles, and the one column sculptured by Scopas — have disappeared. After the temple had been repeatedly pillaged by the barbarians, Justinian removed the columns to adorn the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. The temple site can now be identified only by the marshy spot on which it was erected, and by the prodigious extent and magnitude of the arches raised as a foundation. The vaults formed by them compose a sort of labyrinth. There is not an apartment entire; but walls of immense blocks of marble, in the fronts of which are perforations wherein were sunk the shanks of the brass and silver plates with which the walls were faced—these, and shafts of columns, are all that remain of this splendid edifice, once pointed out as that which all Asia worshipped when the people cried out in their enthusiasm, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians, to whom such a temple belonged!"

ROSES A LUXURY OF THE ANCIENTS.—To enjoy the scent of roses, at meals, an abundance of roses were shaken on the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses, during meals, descended on the guests from above. The Roman Emperor, Heliogabalus, in his folly caused roses to be showered down upon his guests in such quantities that a number of them, being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal times, they reclined on cushions stuffed with rose-leaves, or made a couch of the leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed. Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she gave to Antony, had them laid two cubits thick on the floor of the banquet-room, and than caused nets to be spread over the flowers in order to render the footing elastic. Heliogabalus caused not only the banquet-rooms, but also the colonnades that led to them, to be covered with roses, interspersed with lilies, violets, hyacinths, and narcissi, and walked about upon the flowery platform.

The Wrong Side of the Meridian.

On the down hill side of life, which an old medical writer quaintly terms "the wrong side of the meridian," when the functions decay and the frame gradually bends under the weight of years, the system requires to be sustained under the burden imposed upon it. Innumerable physical ailments and infirmities then press upon it to which it had been in earlier life a stranger. The surest and pleasantest support and solace of declining years is found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, long recognised as the most wholesome and agreeable of diffusible stimulants, the most potent of tonics and alteratives. The aged and infirm may place implicit confidence in this invigorating elixir, which not only checks those maladies to which elderly persons are peculiarly subject, but in a measure retards the encroachment of time upon the constitution.

SOAP VERSUS DISEASE.

Sidney Smith said: "The degree of civilization and refinement of a family or a nation is correctly indicated by the quantity of soap it uses." Later observers and writers on health and disease fully approve this utterance of the famous wit and divine. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and this contiguity of the two virtues is not affected in any way by the fall or rise of the mercury in the thermometer. The skin is the grand outlet of excrementitious matter from the body; it contains twenty-eight miles of tubing. This tubing, when obstructed, cannot perform its office, and sickness follows. Cold hands and feet, the result of imperfect circulation, are often cured by keeping the skin in a perfectly healthy condition.

Want of cleanliness has more to do with the prevalence of croup and diphtheria in cold weather than many people think. Our city physicians, in consultation over the cause and cure of diphtheria, give prominence to cleanliness as the best preventive. Not long since, in a fashionable house in New York, three children died of this fearful disease. Upon careful inquiry it was found that the carpets of the house, which was rented furnished, had not been taken up or dusted for many years. Curtains, carpets, and woolen garments which cannot be washed, may be cleansed by thorough airing and beating, and, however clean they may seem to the eye, they should undergo this process frequently. Especially is this true of blankets and other bedding.

Perfect cleanliness is a luxury, and, like other luxuries, not easily attainable by the very poor. They cannot afford the changes necessary, or the comfortable warmth and surroundings which make the bath enjoyable even in winter, and therefore it is that disease infests their dwellings. Herein is a field for the philanthropist. The bath-room is now as much a part of every first-class city and country house, as is the bed-room or the sitting-room, and to this improvement is in part due the diminished rate of mortality in the present and past generations. Hand in hand with personal cleanliness goes ventilation, and health follows in their train.

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

Among the "on dits" that we, as chroniclers, feel bound to repeat, is, that we are slowly but surely returning to long, flowing skirts, of much richness of material but void of ornament. If our fair readers desire our candid opinion as to whether we think this rumor has truth as a basis, we answer most decidedly that we do *not*. We have always advocated simplicity more than elaborate trimming, but as to the universal adoption of it in a severe form, we neither believe it will ever again come about, nor that it would be a desirable event could it happen.

There are many new toilettes, especially those for the promenade, that are being made with plain skirts, but there are also an equal number being brought out garnished with flounces, shirrings, knife-blade pleatings, scallops, folds, and all the other devices dear to the hearts of the dress artists, to give style and finish to their work, and to absorb yards upon yards of material.

A great fancy in spring suits is to have as great an admixture of black silk as possible. Black silk underskirts, sacques, mantles, and even round capes are worn. Cashmere is still, and we trust may long continue, fashionable, but does not hold the place it did last [illegible].

Charming suits of serge, poplin and debege are shown. One of the latter we will describe.

The underdress was of a gray, intermingled with coarse brown threads, running diagonally across the warp. It was made with a deep, bias flounce at the bottom of the back and side breadths, trimmed, just above the edge, with a row of wide mohair braid. The front widths were plain, and had four folds of the material laid on horizontally; above each was a row of the same wide braid, which edged the back flounce. Bows of the material, mingled with loops of the braid, were placed at the sides, where the trimming stopped. The overdress was of plain gray debege, made with a square apron front, and two long square tabs behind, which were tied in a loose loop; the whole edged with three rows of the mohair braid, stitched on by the machine. The corsage was a cuirass of the plain gray, made high at the throat and double-breasted; small round collar finishing the neck. Two square pocket-flaps on the side skirts of the cuirass. Sleeves of the same material as the underskirt, made with bayadere puffs to the elbow, each puff divided by a row of braid; from thence the puffs were longitudinal, ending in a small pointed cuff at the wrist, which turned back, and was intended to be worn with the new cuffs of linen, which are for the outside of the sleeve.

Hat to accompany this suit was of light gray felt, bound with brown silk. Scarf of the same colored silk encircled the crown, and was tied in a coquettish double bow at the left side. Wing of mingled brown and gray at the right side, from which sprang an aigrette of heron feathers. Cluster of half opened pink buds, under the brim at the left side; also a similar cluster caught up the rim in front.

A morning dress of pearl-colored serge, combined with dark blue gros grain, was made thus:

The dress cut a la princess or Gabrielle shape. Additional fullness given at the back, by plaits laid under the middle seam on each side. The back widths were untrimmed, save at the bottom, where a bias fold of the dark blue silk, three and a half inches in width, was laid on. A deep Spanish flounce, reaching to within a foot of the waist, and headed by two folds of the blue silk, was placed on the front and side widths. Square pockets of the silk were placed just above it at the side. A round, high collar of the silk finished the neck, ending on the bust in rounded revers. Under these revers were placed pointed ones, which were sloped down to the waist to the width of two inches; from thence they began to widen, taking the form of a flat fold, and were carried down each side of the front, which was closed with buttons from throat to hem; at the bottom the fold was six inches wide. A sash of the silk was arranged in this way: The ends fastened at each side under the arms, loosely knotted together, a little to the left at the back. The sleeves were half tight-fitting, and had deep cuffs of the silk, finished with a row of three smoked pearl buttons on the outer seam; similar buttons closed the front.

A Charlotte Corday breakfast cap, of fine French muslin and Valenciennes lace, trimmed around the crown with a shell twist of dark blue and pearl gray faille ribbons, with long streaming ends, was worn with this dress.

A plum-colored silk for the street was made with a plain underskirt, bound with velvet of a darker shade; the back widths arranged in the popular box plait, and trimmed down the centre of it with velvet bows.

The underdress round in shape and rather full, edged with a velvet band four inches deep—square velvet pockets on each side of the front widths. The draping was very graceful; the skirt looped high at the sides, and falling in easy folds at the back. A sash of the velvet, with long ends lined with silk, and double bows were placed directly at the back.

Cuirass basque of the silk, with velvet sleeves and deep vest—velvet cuffs and round collar at the throat.

Hat of black chip, bound with plum-colored velvet, and trimmed with loops of the same, two small ostrich tips, and a cluster of tea roses and buds.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The newest, most *recherche* thing in neckkerchiefs, or mufflers, is to have them of China crape of some pale tint, edged or not, with lace, as may suit the fancy of the wearer, or her purse.

Charming sumonieres for spring and summer are shown of India silk, in different tints, with a square of guipure d'art in the centre, on which the monogram is darned.

Very full ruches are worn about the neck; for full dress occasions those of box plaited tulle, Mechlin or Valenciennes lace are preferred.

Bows for the neck, of China crape lace, and a flower or small spray, with coiffure pompon to match, are very stylish.

Filagreed jewelry of Venetian gold is very fashionable and unique. The set is necklace, with a pendant, earrings and bracelets.

Overdresses and apron fronts and cuirass basques of black Brussels net, thickly embroidered in fine jet, are shown among the importations for summer. They will be worn with hernani suits or black silk underskirts.

The new linens for summer suits and traveling costumes have fine stripes of brown, blue and scarlet, instead of being plain as heretofore.

Pretty belts for summer evening or dinner toilettes are made of pink or blue gros grain ribbon, with a strip of wide Valenciennes or Mechlin insertion covering them.

A great fancy for ecru laces and linens has sprung up. Tidies, cushions and mats are made of ecru linen, wrought in colored silks or zephyr wool.

Bands of tortoise-shell are very much worn across the centre of the head, dividing the puffs or braids of hair.

Rough braids, beaded on the edges, it is said, will be fashionable for trimming serge and camel's hair suits.

The newest locket is entirely covered on the outside with small pearls or turquoises.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. LE G.—We can furnish you with any paper pattern you desire.

MRS. BELLE C.—Received your note and enclosure. Sent lead comb February 13th. Hope it proves all you desire.

"ANXIOUS KITTY."—Your letter amused us, while we sympathized with you in your comical affliction. If we were you, we would make that "unfortunate hat" do. If the felt is of a good quality, and a clear light gray, you can clean it nicely by making a solution of warm water and ammonia, to which add a tablespoonful of ether. Wash the hat with a soft new sponge. If you can dry it upon a block or frame, so much the better; if such an article is not to be had, you can do without, since even if your hat dries a little out of shape, the looping and trimming will hide it. When dry and clean, turn up the brim in front, and hold it in place with a half-bloom tea rose and bud. Twist a scarf of gray silk, fringed at the ends, around the crown, tie in a careless knot or bow at the back. Take your shaded gray ostrich feather, and fasten in at the left side with two standing loops of gray silk or velvet, curve it gracefully across the crown, so that it may droop at the right side, and, *voila!* you have a charming hat for the spring, which you can wear late in May. NINON.

DINNER IN A CHINESE INN.

We entered, and sitting down at a rough deal table, ordered our dinner of the Chang-kweite, or as Abbe Hue calls him, "the inspector of the chest." There were stewed mutton, and fried mutton, and beef and poultry, fried eggs, fried cakes, steamed bread, and vermicelli. There was also pork in various shapes, but our knowledge of the Chinese pig and its habits disinclined us from partaking of its flesh. Excluding this, we ordered a little of everything else, and the cooking of our dinner began under our eyes. We heard the chickens squeal, and in a few minutes they were thrown through the window to the cook, who had them dressed and broiling in an incredibly short time; the bread-maker put the lumps of mantau into the steamer, and then, taking a large piece of well-kneaded dough, and making it into a stick a yard long, he drew, threw, pulled, and twisted it until it assumed the dimensions of a girl's skipping-rope; then doubling, and twisting, and pulling it again and again, producing a doubling stub and twist texture, he cut it into small pieces, which, after a good deal of flapping and patting, became respectable disks; as he finished each of these he uttered a shout, and with a well-directed aim tossed it some twenty or thirty feet across the room to the cook. In the meantime, another man was manufacturing the vermicelli. Seated on a machine, some three or four feet above the cooking range, this man worked a long lever, which moved a piston in a cylinder with a perforated bottom; at every stroke the long white strings descend into a boiling pot beneath, until the cook, judging that the quantity was equal to the demands of our appetite, cut off the material flush with the cylinder, giving the man on the lever time to curl up on the narrow board and smoke his pipe till another customer should need his services. While waiting for dinner, the traveler passes his time in drinking large quantities of tea; but during the meal the beverage consists of the strong rice brandy, sometimes flavored with rose leaves, and always taken hot.

COMBS.

There is, perhaps, no article of traffic that has received less attention from the hands of compilers of useful literature than the comb—an instrument so necessary to comfort, so generally used, and at the same time so indispensable to the cause of beauty. The comb marks the course of refinement, and travels wherever the untutored savage is brought to yield to the benign influences of civilization. Even among ourselves, we associate the "uncombed" with abject poverty and almost hopeless degradation.

The ancients used the comb more for adjusting than fastening the hair, using the pin or bodkin for the latter purpose. The combs of the Greeks and Romans were made of box wood, obtained from the shores of the Euxine. Among the Egyptians, ivory was sometimes used for this purpose, and from them it was copied by the Romans. The common material, however, in these countries, and till comparatively modern times throughout civilized Europe, was wood. Even in the present day wood is used to a certain extent, and many a backwoodsman's toilet in America or Australia might be even desperate without his wooden pocket-comb. The precious metals were also used; that is, if the golden combs of the goddesses spoken of in mythology had any basis save the imagination of the writers. In our own country, and among other civilized nations, combs have always been more or less used as an adornment to the hair of females—the size and style regulated by the prevailing fashion—and as a necessary article of the toilet.

In what year of the world the first comb was made, and what the name of the benefactor of his fellow-men who conceived the design and brought it into successful execution, history, too partial in its awards, is silent.

OFTENTIMES the most costly thing we get is that which is given us.

DANGER AHEAD!

BY F. S. M.

Bless you, my darling! Go gliding along
With your skates ringing out that ineffable song,
With it flashing from crystal and cold steely sky,
Felt to thrill from the hand and in glance from the eye:
Love, gentle Love, who, as every one knows,
Is a wicked young urchin without any clothes:
Who don't mind the sun, and who laughs at the frost,
The original serpent Eve heard, and was lost.

And here you go, merrily, swinging along,
With your skates ringing out the ineffable song.
The Cupids the mischief have done—lit the spark—
And now the young rascals are off for their lark:
While you, all unconscious, in long gliding tread,
Go happily on towards the danger ahead.
It's treacherous skating to make love at all,
As many a wight learns when finding a fall.

Yes, the chill, icy water that gapes for you side,
Is like the cold bath after honeymoon's tide.
When the rent and the taxes, and the long store-bills,
With uncatalogued legions of housekeeping ills,
Soon teach you that all is not skating on ice,
For we are such tradesmen, e'en love has its price.
The path oft is rugged with briar and thorn,
Which are kept out of sight on the bright bridal morn.

Sweet spoons plunged in sugar, how deep are your eyes,
As to plumb them with glances each fond lover tries,
With a swing to the left, and a curve to the right,
The ice is so clear, and life's morning so bright:
The skates ring so cheery, the blood flows so free,
A true lover's knot cut "For thee, love—for thee!"
No warning will daunt you—you're certain to wed:
But look out, my heartles, there's danger ahead!

SWORD AND SADDLE;

OR,

YOUNG AMERICA IN MEXICO.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD,

Author of "Silver Rifle," "River and Forest," Etc., Etc.

NUMBER 3.

A Talk with the Major—Guerra al Cuchillo—Face to face with Grivalja.

"Another freak like that, and the Mexicans will take your nappers," said the major to the youthful adventurers, when they had related their brush with the enemy between the lines. "They dispatch some prisoners *a lanzadas*. You know what that means, Frank."

"Pierced through and through and through with lances," promptly answered Frank Hatton.

"Many a poor fellow they serve that way," replied the major. "But let me look at your sword, my boy."

Proudly the youth drew his sword and handed it to his uncle.

With a smile the old soldier bent over the blade, and slid his hand over the dark spots that marred the glistening surface.

"Blood," he said, "and Mexican blood at that."

"Of course it is Mexican blood," said Frank. "It was a Mexican whom I struck, and as I cut downwards, I think the sword found the poor fellow's unprotected neck."

"Undoubtedly, sir; this is arterial blood to my judgment. To-morrow our spyglasses may show us the result of your brush with the foe."

The next moment the soldier turned to Richard.

"What were those words you heard when you delivered your fire?" he asked.

"Caramba! must Grivalja die?" the boy replied.

"It is quite likely you slew your man, as well as Frank. I hope you have. The escape of either of your foes might prove disastrous to you in the future."

"Why, uncle?"

"They would have revenge. Boys, you don't know the blood of the old Cortezian Spaniards," answered the major. "When I was in this country twelve years ago, I was forced to wound a man to the death, and his brother followed me from Puebla to Santa Fe with the pertinacity of the bloodhound."

"Well, what was the result?"

"I finally eluded him and returned to the States. He is doubtless engaged in this war. Look out for him and listen for his name, which is Esperos Alvadoz. I will not run from the greaser again."

The interesting conversation was here interrupted by duty calling the major into the trenches, and the boys retired to his quarters, where they slept despite the roar of cannon and the whirr and hiss of shell and solid shot.

It was apparent to all that the city could not hold out much longer. Many of the public buildings had been destroyed by the terrible fire of the American batteries, and hundreds of women and children were buried among the smoking ruins. Vera Cruz, the beautiful, had become the desolated.

Quite early the next morning Richard Julian awoke; but the roar of cannon did not salute his ears. The air was filled with particles of dust, and the youth could not see the batteries. All this silence and seeming death operated as a dream, and wondering what it could mean, the comrades hastened from the tent.

They soon discovered that the end was near at hand. Negotiations for surrender were in progress, and the welcome news of the capitulation of fortress and city soon spread like wildfire through the ranks of the American army.

"I want to visit our battlefield," said Richard, with eagerness. "The dust prevents us from seeing it with our glasses."

"Then ride out to it, but return soon, as we may take possession of our prize before nightfall. Look out for Grivalja" added the major, with a smile, "and for my old friend Alvadoz."

Frank and Richard rode slowly over the ground they had traversed so swiftly the night before, and the dust storm—a common occurrence in the State of Vera Cruz—gradually lifted from the earth, and the city once more presented its battered front.

Suddenly Frank drew rein and pointed to a dark object on the plain some distance before them.

"Our dead," said Richard, catching his comrade's glance, and they gently touched their horses with the spurs.

Several moments later they looked down upon the corpse of a Mexican, clad in the uniform of a lancer. His sombrero had fallen from his head, and the arrangement of a rich serape told that friendly hands had been at work. The face was quite handsome, and the hands small, like a senorita's. For a moment the boys gazed at the lancer, when Frank started.

"He is my victim," he said. "Uncle Maurice was right. Behold the cut in the neck."

"And the paper which the wind has blown under his arm. Is there not writing on it?"

The boys dismounted, and the fragment of heavy Mexican paper, manufactured from the pulp of the agnave, which had attracted their attention, was soon brought into full view. Richard, who had seized it, was trying to decipher the scrawls; but, owing to its illegibility, he made no progress.

"Give it to me," said Frank. "It's Spanish, and the major has tried to teach me the language."

"Ha! I have it now!" he exclaimed. "Dick, we've got a devil on our trail. Uncle Maurice has his Alvadoz, we, our Grivalja."

"What!" cried Richard, springing to his feet. "What does the paper say?"

"Simply, terribly this: *Guerra al cuchillo. Grivalja, lazador.*

"Which reads in English, 'War to the knife. Grivalja, the lassoer.'"

"That's right," said Frank. "Dick, you'll jabber Spanish like a native in a month if Grivalja, the lassoer, lets us alone. He left this paper here for us. Doubtless, he waits for us in Vera Cruz now."

"And into the city I am going," cried Richard, defiantly. "The revengeful yell of one Mexican shall not keep me from duty. Let it be war to the knife betwixt us and this Grivalja, whoever he is. I didn't come to this country to be frightened by a piece of paper found under a dead man's arm. I want to meet this lassoer; I want to cross swords with him."

"If his lasso doesn't drop over your neck from behind, your desires may be gratified," said Frank, with a smile. "Grivalja is a cunning fellow, I warrant, and we will find him a foe worthy our undivided attention."

At this juncture the shrill call of a bugle came from the American camp, and the boys vaulted into their saddles. It was a call from the bugler of the major's regiment.

With a final glance at the dead lancer and the words of Grivalja, the lassoer, in their possession, the youths rode towards the camp, where they found the doughty major.

"I instructed my bugler to call you back," he said. "We are making preparations to take possession of the city. Now look out for Grivalja. He is in the captured city. He knows you, and I fear he will attempt some of his vengeful deviltry."

"We will watch for him," said Frank. "I rejoice that we've something to keep us awake."

It was at the major's side that Frank Hatton and Richard Julian entered Vera Cruz. The Mexican army was drawn up on a plain a mile from the city, and there Morales gave up his sword to the victor of Lundy's Lane.

The spectacle was, in the highest sense, martial and inspiring, and after the surrender the conquerors returned to the city.

The Mexicans were paroled, and when the shades of evening fell, victors and vanquished thronged the streets. The Mexicans expected a plundering of the city—a sack—but no harm was offered to life or property; the Americans hastened to relieve the suffering and bury the dead.

In the eastern quarter of the city, the devastation was most noticeable, and the ruins were extensive. Through this district our young adventurers wandered, relieving to the best of their ability the suffering still lying among the ruins. Above them shone a brilliant moon, and in the light that revealed the fallen walls of a pretentious Spanish house, the young soldiers suddenly came upon a sight that startled them. Stooping over the motionless form of a female was a Mexican soldier. He was gazing intently, and with a painful expression, into the pale features which told the spectators that the woman was dead.

Doubtless, the soldier had found his love among the dead, and the boy conquerors were about to leave him to his thoughts, when he started up, saying:

"Adios, Inez! Grivalja will have their blood for this!"

The boys instantly exchanged looks, and their hands shot to their weapons. Already they had encountered Grivalja, the lassoer.

A moment's silence followed the Mexican's sentence, then, having perceived his enemies, the word *carajos*—scoundrels—fell from his lips.

The next instant there was a long-bladed knife in his hand, and the fortune-seekers simultaneously drew their swords.

BELLS

The first mention made of bells is in Exodus, where it is specified that there should be set "a golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate" (that is, alternately) "upon the hem of the robe round about it," the use and intent of these bells being to give intimation when the priest "goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out." We thus perceive that, in the earliest times, bells were used as signals or summoners, and it is not extraordinary that they should have been employed by the early Christian Church to give notice of the proper periods for public prayer. The first application of them to this purpose is ascribed by Polydore, Virgil, and others, to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, about the four hundredth year of the Christian era. Church bells were introduced into Britain very soon afterwards, and by the end of the ninth century scarcely a church or monastery was without several of these "lively harbingers of religious duties." Duran, who flourished about the end of the twelfth century, tells us, in his "Rationale," when any one is dying, bells must be tolled, that the people may put up their prayers; twice for a woman, and thrice for a man; if for a clergyman, as many times as he had orders; and, at the conclusion, a peal on all the bells, to distinguish the quality of the person for whom the people are to put up their prayers.

THE race of mankind would perish, did they cease to help each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to H. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

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INDIANA.—We can purchase the books and send them to you for the following prices: Bishop's First Book of Law, $5.00; and Anthon's Law Student, $3.75.

NELSON (Atlanta).—We know nothing regarding the institution or concern you speak of, and would strongly recommend your having nothing whatever to do with it.

W. H.—The best work on the subject which we know of is "Bancroft's History of the United States." It is a standard book, and not likely to be soon superseded, in our opinion.

VANITY.—We can recommend nothing but clipping the ends of the eyelashes, but this must be done carefully: and if you are not too "vain" to take our advice, we would advise you to let your eyes alone, and not attempt to make them "show to greater advantage" by any such artificial means.

H. M.—We never, under any circumstances, now give a recipe for a depilatory. All of them, to be of any use, are exceedingly dangerous. You have been deluded by a quack advertisement, and, if injured in your bodily health, ought to have medical advice. The tweezers and the razor are the only safe remedies for superfluous hair.

AGNES LILIAN.—From the symptoms described in your note, there is no doubt that the gentleman alluded to is particularly fond of you. Into what this fondness will develop it is difficult to say. We cannot tell—perhaps he cannot; but you might, because you have the power and the opportunity to gauge his demonstrations of attachment, and to test their value.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Rub the surface of the metal with rottenstone and sweet oil; rub off with a piece of cotton flannel, and polish with soft leather. A solution of oxalic acid rubbed over tarnished brass soon removes the tarnish and renders the metal bright. The acid must be washed off with water, and the brass rubbed with whiting and soft leather. A mixture of muriatic acid and alum dissolved in water imparts a golden color to articles that are steeped in it for a few seconds.

JUNE.—There is considerable controversy as to who was the original author of the quotation you give. (2.) You must excuse our giving any decided opinion on the comparative merits or demerits of the two habits you mention. In moderation neither is in itself injurious, in our opinion, but even on this point there is great diversity of opinion, and we do not care about provoking a discussion. (3.) We think you are mistaken in ascribing the song beginning, "A spirit haunts the year's last hours," to Tennyson.

GRADUATE.—"Please tell me what causes the great difference in the temperature in the different countries? Why is it warmer in the southern countries than in the northern?" There are a very great many causes, the principal one being the distance from the equator. Other causes operate in determining the temperature in different parts of the globe, such as altitude, presence or absence of forests or deserts, proximity to the ocean, etc. You should consult a good physical atlas, which will thoroughly enlighten you on this subject.

A FRIEND.—It is not necessary, neither would it be proper for you to acknowledge the receipt of the papers. When you meet him the next time you can do so in person, but to do so now would be to initiate a correspondence, which should always be done by the gentleman. (2.) You had better at once destroy the letters you have in your possession, and say nothing to the gentleman about the others. Act towards him just as though you thought he had also destroyed them, which it is extremely probable he has done long ago.

S. C. BERRY, M. D. (House's Springs, Mo.)—writes us the following very pleasant words: "I am a physician, and many are the quiet hours I steal from the busy whirl of an active practice to spend in perusing the columns of a paper that presents such a variety of interesting matter as the old SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am now nearing the middle point of life, but well do I remember, when a lad, with what eagerness we all looked for the arrival of the POST at my father's farmhouse. My life has been a studious one; I have read many books, but I first acquired a taste for reading by my early acquaintance with your paper. I hope mine will not be the only subscription from old Jefferson County, and I wish that the POST found its way into every home, and brought the same ray of sunshine with it that it never fails to bring into my home."

HARRY L.—"Please tell me what is the origin of the saying, 'It would awaken the seven sleepers.' Who were the seven sleepers?" "It would awaken the seven sleepers," is a common saying, but we venture to say that half who use it do not know its origin. The legend runs that seven noble youths of Ephesus, during the persecution of the Christians by Decius, a Roman emperor of the third century, fled and took refuge in a cavern, and, having been pursued and discovered, were walled in, and thus left to perish. They were said to have fallen asleep, and in that state were miraculously preserved for nearly two centuries, when, their bodies having been found in the cavern, were taken out, and exposed to the veneration of the faithful. Then it was said that these holy martyrs were not dead; that they had been hidden in the cavern, where they had fallen asleep, and that they at last awoke, to the astonishment of the spectators.

BLUE BEARD.—"Please tell me if the story of Blue Beard, so familiar to all of us, is altogether fabulous, or was there ever any such individual? Some of us young folks have been wondering, and we concluded to ask you." The story of Blue Beard has been traced back to a historical basis, and was evidently founded on the following facts: Gilles de Laval, Marshal of France, in 1429, was distinguished for his military abilities, but he rendered himself infamous by his extraordinary impiety and debaucheries, and by murdering his wives. He had a long beard of a blue-black color, whence he was called Blue Beard. He employed those who pretended to be sorcerers to discover hidden treasures, and he corrupted young persons of both sexes to attach them to him, after which he killed them for the sake of their blood, which he used for his incantations. By order of the Duke of Brittany he was burned alive in a field near Nantes, in the year 1440.

HONOR.—It would be utterly impossible for any one even to approximate as to how long it would take you to study Harkness' Latin Grammar, as that would depend altogether upon yourself. (2.) You must certainly be first acquainted with the grammar before you could be able to translate the books you mention. (3.) We never knew that "cheek" (as you so elegantly express it) was an indispensable qualification for a lawyer. But, if it is, we should not give you credit for being wanting in that respect, judging from your letter.

I. M. L.—Ahn's method in teaching modern languages is that generally in use. Though the student can make progress faster and with greater satisfaction with the aid of a teacher than without it, there is no reason why he should not undertake the study of these languages alone. In German, Ahn's text books are very popular; in French, Ahn's Fasquelle's Robertson's. It is impossible to name the best text book where all are so good; each professor thinks his particular way of teaching best, and if it accomplishes the end to be sought, that is all one can desire.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water, with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to ensure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in promoting a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in any accidental pursuit which may hurt the color of the hands, or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon juice will restore their whiteness for a time; and lemon soap is proper to wash them with. Almond paste is of essential service in preserving the delicacy of the hands. The following is a serviceable pomade for rubbing the hands on retiring to rest: Take two ounces of sweet almonds; beat with three drachms of white wax, and three drachms of spermaceti; put up carefully in rose-water. Gloves should be always worn on exposure to the atmosphere, and are graceful at all times for a lady in the house, except at meals.

C. McD.—There is no more egregious and fatal mistake that parents can be guilty of, than to suppose that the happiness of their children can possibly be promoted by compelling them to marry against their own wishes. When we use the word compulsion, we of course do not mean the employment of physical force, or even of threats, but we mean that exercise of moral influence and control which is not less effective, and by which many a young girl has been driven into a marriage utterly repugnant to her, and in which the happiness of her whole life has been thrown away. In a case like yours, which you have stated to us, it were better that the match should be broken off, even though the disappointment may render one of the parties permanently unhappy; because even a lasting sorrow is better than to be tied for life to one for whom the other has no love whatever. In marriage the choice can never be safely made by any other than the parties immediately concerned. No one should ever enter into matrimony from compulsion or undue influence.

CURIOUS.—"To take a person down a peg," of which you inquire the origin, is to be traced to music and to the widespread knowledge of it in Shakspeare's time, when every barber had a lute or guitar on which his customers strummed or played while waiting their turns. The simile is used with much force in "Othello," act ii, sc. i, when Othello greets his wife with love, and kisses her, and wishes that the noise of such kisses should "the greatest discords be that e'er our hearts shall make;" upon which Iago, carrying on the musical simile, observes aside—

"O, you are well-tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am."

Or it may be in the sense of diminishing a person, as one does wine in a pegged or peg tankard—a silver cup with little pegs inside at regular intervals, denoting quantity. Many such tankards exist in old mansions, and at Oxford there are several in the Museum. "Come, friar, drink down to your peg," says one in Longfellow's play. To take it down a peg was, therefore, to diminish the potency and quantity of the draught.

JULIET.—It is easy to be seen that you are yet very young and very inexperienced in affairs of the heart, or you would not be expecting eloquence in your lover. A man who really loves you will never be eloquent before he is assured of your state of feelings towards him: not always—he should say, on the contrary, *rarely—then!* When your beauty, your grace, accomplishments, good qualities, etc., have wrought on a man to such a degree that he feels the world can give him nothing comparable to your love—when the very sight of you at a distance makes his heart flutter—when he feels jealous of every man under the age of sixty who approaches you, and is tempted to strangle every good-looking coxcomb who pays you a compliment—when, half distracted by the alternations of hope and despair, he ventures at last to learn his fate from your lips—do you expect eloquence at such a time? If you do, you expect him to behave as a man in love never would or could behave! Nothing is easier than flirtation with a woman whom he does not love. But when he begins to *love* a woman, he is no longer capable of flirtation. When your admirer is awkward, and timid, and silent, and hardly dares to look at you; when his hand trembles at the chance contact with yours, and he hardly dares to hold it lest he should offend you; when, at last, after a severe struggle, there comes the faltering avowal from the overcharged heart, in these few but expressive words—"*I love you!*"—then we should think you would feel well pleased to dispense with the eloquence of words!

A. P. G. (Newark).—"I am very soon to officiate as first bridesmaid at a wedding, and would be ever so much obliged to you if you would tell me what are the duties required of me in that capacity? I should not like to do anything that I ought not to, neither would I like to omit any part of my duties. If you will kindly help me to pass through the coming ordeal with credit, I will send you a piece of the wedding cake." With such a tempting offer in prospect, of course we have endeavored to do our very best in getting for you the fullest information as to what your exceedingly onerous duties as bridesmaid are. To do justice to such an important matter would take up too much space, so we can only give, briefly, the sum and substance of what we have been able to gather from the best authorities on the subject. The duties of a first bridesmaid are as follows: To give the bride the best advice as to dress, decorations, and the like; to talk to her cheerfully and sensibly on the auspicious day; to restrain the officious groomsmen who flutter around; to look simple and pretty herself; to hold the bride's flowers while she gives her trembling hand to the groom; to help her in any difficulty that may arise about her gloves; to stand by her during the reception and receive all the admiration that can be spared from the bride; and, finally, to deal kindly and gently with the young men on the other side. We do not know that she has anything to do at the refreshment table unless to refresh herself and accept gracefully the attendance of the aforesaid young men.

PLUCK.—To understand how chromos are produced, the art of lithography must be briefly explained. The stone used in lithography is a species of limestone found in Bavaria, and is wrought into thick slabs with finely polished surfaces. The drawing is made on the slab with an ink of a soapy nature, which adheres to the stone and enters into a chemical combination with it after the application of certain acids and gums. When the drawing is complete, the slab is put on a press and carefully damped with a sponge. The oil color is then applied with a common printer's roller. Of course, the parts of the slab containing no drawing being wet, refuse the color, while the drawing itself being oily, repels the water, but retains the color applied. It is thus without a raised surface or incision—as in common printing, wood-cuts, or steel engravings—lithography produces printing drawings from perfectly smooth stone. In a chrome the first proof is a light ground tint, covering nearly all the surface. It has only a faint, shadowy resemblance to the completed picture—it is, in fact, rather a shadow than an outline. The next proof from the second stone contains all the shades of another color. This process is repeated again and again—occasionally as many as thirty times. The number of impressions, however, does not necessarily indicate the number of colors in a painting, because the colors and tints are greatly multiplied by combinations created in the process of printing one over another. In twenty-five impressions it is sometimes necessary and possible to produce a hundred distinct shades.

MISCELLANEOUS.—S. A. D.—If you take the affection of the eye in time, and consult a skilful physician, all may be well in a short time. OXFORD.—You had much better wait until he returns before you take any decisive step, as he may perhaps be able to give a satisfactory explanation. MAUDE.—A young lady must judge for herself whether a gentleman really loves her. How is a stranger to both parties to be expected to answer such a question? E. W. G.—There is no "legal or moral objection" to the marriage of cousins. FRENCH STUDENT.—When the "e" in a French word is marked with an accent above, it is to be pronounced as "ay." C. S.—The 6th July, 1818, fell upon Monday; the 9th March, 1853, on Wednesday. M. A.—The word is sounded both ways. Your writing is very good. HELEN.—You may be acting in good faith, but to carry on such a correspondence is decidedly wrong, and calculated to raise a feeling of jealousy in the mind of your lover. M. F. W. H.—If you will look over the columns of our paper for the last two or three numbers, you will find what you want. DIMPLED CHIN.—We think you are wrong, and that the origin of the expression was what we stated in our reply. (2.) We see no harm in it ourselves, but, of course, every one must decide for themselves.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*